

The Sketch

No. 839—Vol. LXV.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1909.

SIXPENCE.



THE KING OF SPAIN. THE KING OF PORTUGAL.

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE: THE HAT "SWAPPING" OF THEIR MAJESTIES OF SPAIN AND PORTUGAL—THE MEETING OF KING ALFONSO AND KING MANUEL (OBJECT UNKNOWN).

Both King Alfonso of Spain and King Manuel of Portugal—here shown exchanging hats, to the eclipsing of the King of Spain—are much in evidence just now: the former by reason of his interest in the Wilbur Wright aeroplane, the latter because rumour continues to marry him. The meeting of the boy Kings has had various unofficial explanations—that they are contemplating a defensive alliance, that they propose to unite in their efforts to suppress revolutionary risings in either country, and that they discussed the matrimonial intentions of the bachelor amongst them. In favour of the last-named theory, it is stated that King Manuel may marry Doña Maria del Pilar, first cousin of King Alfonso, and a daughter of Prince Ludwig Ferdinand of Bavaria and the Infanta Maria de la Paz. Meantime, the King of Spain has seen Mr Wilbur Wright's aeroplane, and has shown much interest in it. He would have made the flight he was unofficially announced to make, but said that he could not do so, as he had promised his Queen that he would not.—[*Photograph by J. Benoit.*]



Throttling the Pilot.

I note that a resolution in favour of an age-limit for bishops and clergy was passed by fifty-one votes to ten at Thursday's proceedings of the Lower House of Convocation of Canterbury, at Church House, Westminster. I note, further, that Canon Fox Lambert, who introduced the subject, said it was recognised in most professions that anyone who held an appointment and had been allowed to receive the emoluments of his office and bear the responsibility it involved should no longer do so when, by reason of infirmity which attended advancing years, he became incapacitated. I congratulate Canon Fox Lambert and the Lower House of Convocation on this momentous discovery—namely, that a man incapacitated by reason of age is a man incapacitated, whatever his calling. But I certainly cannot congratulate Canon Fox Lambert on his glib comparisons. "In most professions," no doubt, the man of seventy is too old for the responsibilities of his work; in Canon Fox Lambert's profession, on the other hand, the man of seventy is of far greater value than the man of forty or fifty. Seventy is the age when a man may fairly claim to know something of life, when he has something to say worth the hearing, and when he may unblushingly chide his fellow-men for their follies. Far wiser was the Archdeacon of Lincoln, who pointed out that, with the clergy, when bodily vigour failed there was often much more mental and spiritual power remaining.

Pity for the Provinces!

I cannot bear to see a man lashing himself into a state of distress when there is absolutely no reason for it. Take, for example, Mr. Holbrook Jackson. Writing in a contemporary, Mr. Jackson declares with passionate eloquence that "no greater havoc to individuality has been wrought than by the all-pervading power of London. England is dominated by London opinion." It gives me great pleasure to assure Mr. Jackson that the English provinces don't care a rush for London (save as a place of amusement, when they place it second to Blackpool), or for London opinion or for Londoners. Mr. Jackson has only to take a day's journey into the provinces to convince himself of the truth of this statement. Manchester will listen to Leeds, and Leeds takes off its hat to Manchester; Bristol, in its heart of hearts, likes to be bracketed with Liverpool, and Liverpool has a strong affection for Bristol; Birmingham and Bradford understand and respect one another. But let Mr. Jackson talk to any one of them of London, and the wisdom of London, and the power, the majesty, and the might of London, and let him then note the slow smile of superiority that his innocence will surely provoke. They will not tell him that no good thing can come out of London; they are far too clever for that. But they will ask him what London can do for him that Manchester, Leeds, Bristol, Liverpool, Birmingham, or Bradford cannot do? What will Mr. Jackson say?

A Few Thoughts on Fame.

Equally mistaken is the man who fancies that, because he is known to London, therefore he is known to England. The English provinces never accept a man at London's valuation; indeed, they never trouble their heads about him unless he does something which compels their attention. The same holds good, of course, of all the world. We talk very lightly of fame in these days of popular newspapers. As a matter of fact, it is infinitely harder in the twentieth century for a man to win genuine fame than it was in the days of our grandfathers, when newspapers were passed from hand to hand until the print was scarcely readable for much thumbing. The multiplicity of names is too confusing. This very day, in a famous London journal, I saw a reference to "'What Every Woman Knows,' Mr. Barry's latest success." You would suppose

that most people had heard of J. M. Barrie, yet here you have a London journalist, a London compositor, a London printer's reader, and a London sub-editor calling him "Barry." A friend of mine in Cape Town recently overheard this conversation in one of the largest shops—

LADY CUSTOMER. Will you kindly have those things sent out to my house as soon as possible?

SHOP ASSISTANT. Certainly, Madam. What name, if you please?

LADY CUSTOMER. Mrs. Kipling.

SHOP ASSISTANT. I beg your pardon, Madam. What name?

LADY CUSTOMER. Mrs. Rudyard Kipling.

SHOP ASSISTANT. I'm exceedingly sorry, Madam, but might I trouble you to spell it?

When people prate to you of the cheapness of fame in the twentieth century, you may tell them this story. Follow it up by asking them the name of the present Archbishop of Canterbury and the author of "A Pantomime Rehearsal." In nine cases out of ten, at the very least, you will be perfectly safe.

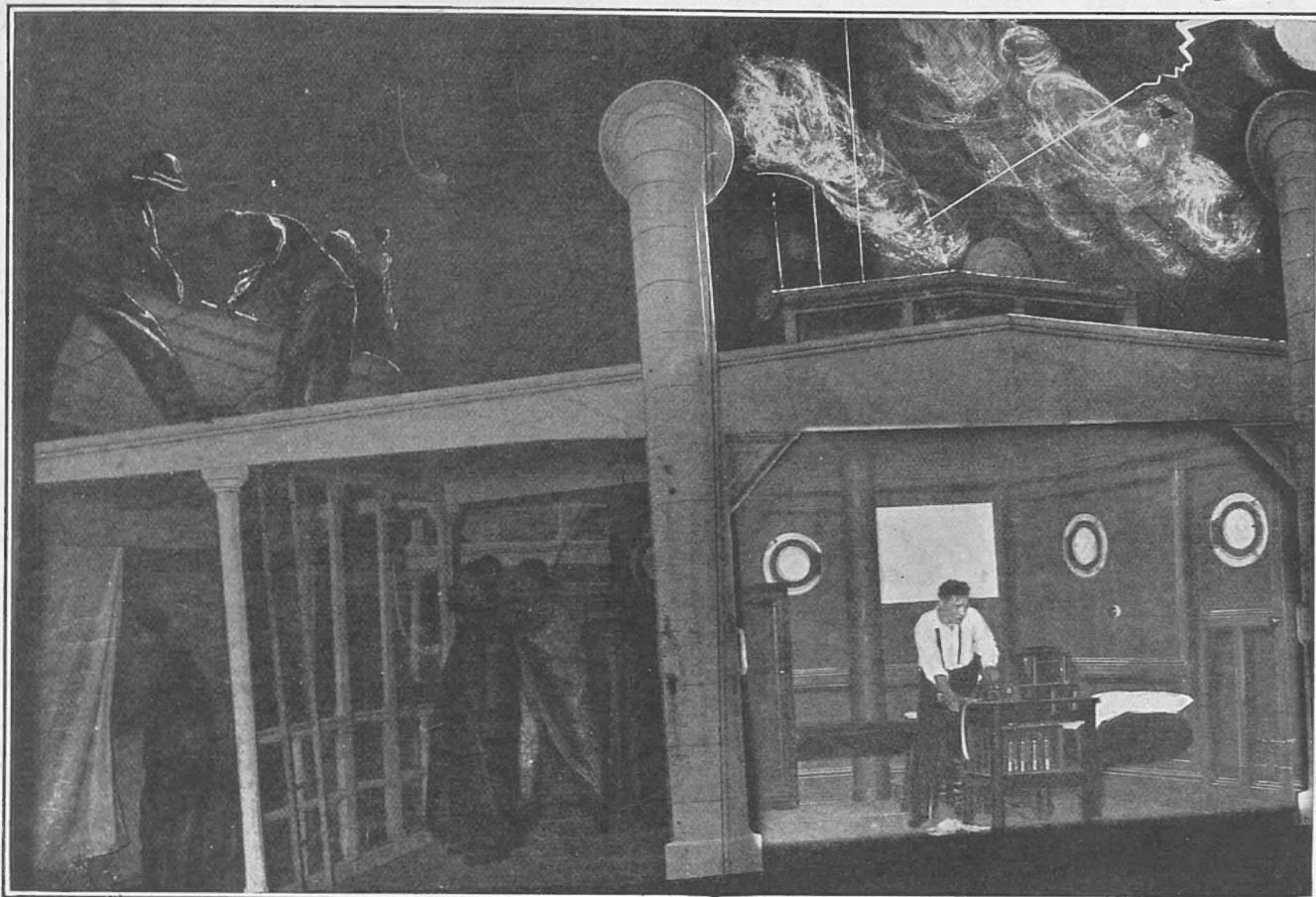
Sinister Threat of the Suffragette.

A sinister paragraph appears in the current number of *Votes for Women*. For the sake of Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Birrell, and Mr. Winston Churchill—whose pates may heaven shield—I give wider publicity to it: "For women, as for men, there are occasions when violence must be met with violence, when invasion of one's right to liberty and security must be resisted by physical means; but to that point militant Suffragists have not come, and they have hope and confidence that they may never reach it." Do you realise what it is that is here hinted at, friend the reader? Shall I whisper it to you? *Bombs!* 'Sh! Where Guy Fawkes bungled, the militant Suffragist will not fail. Have no fear, though, that she will attempt to undermine the House of Commons or the House of Lords. The militant Suffragist is far too subtle for that. Direct attack, she knows, results in sympathy for the attacked. That is why she inflicts pains and penalties upon herself, electing to languish in prison, to chain her frail body to lamp-posts, and so on. "There are occasions when violence must be met with violence, when invasion of one's right to liberty and security must be resisted by physical means." You have guessed, by this time, what it is she means to do for the women of England? *She means to blow herself into little pieces!* Alas the day!

An Example from Underseas.

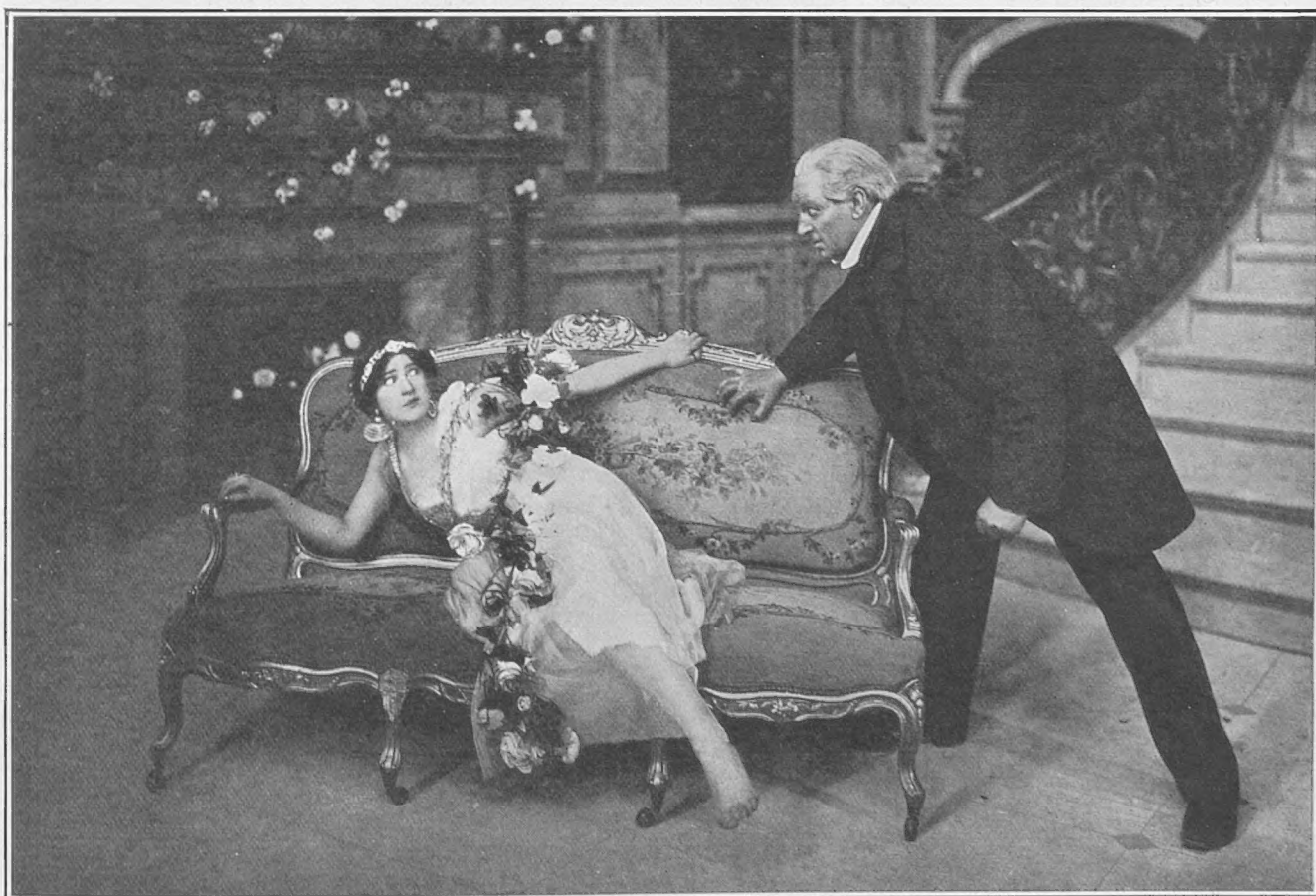
A traveller has been telling the editor of a daily paper about a very curious incident that he saw on a recent voyage to New Zealand. "We fell in," he says, "with an enormous shoal of porpoises. As usual, they played about the ship, but their formation was remarkable. On either side of the boat they stretched away from her bows like the barbs of an arrow, of which the line of the steamer was the shaft. Each was a long single line of about a quarter of a mile in length. They 'dressed' perfectly, and kept perfect position on either side of the boat. Suddenly every porpoise in the line I was watching turned absolutely simultaneously, and the whole company described a wide and well-ordered semicircle until they met those from the other side, who, I was informed, had acted in an exactly similar manner. . . . When the two lines met, half a mile or so behind the ship, they broke up. Company dismiss, I suppose." Of course. Our traveller merely adduces further testimony to the influence of the stage in general and "An Englishman's Home" in particular. The porpoise, he will remember, has always been in the van of every important underseas movement. Was it not the Mock Turtle who said, "No wise fish would go anywhere without a porpoise"? And the Mock Turtle was one of the fellows who knew.

JACK BINNS ANTICIPATED; "THE DANCING GIRL" REVIVED.



THE ACT IN WHICH IT IS BELIEVED "C. Q. D." JACK BINNS WAS OFFERED TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS TO PERFORM: RECEIVING THE WIRELESS CALL FOR HELP IN "VIA WIRELESS," AT THE LIBERTY THEATRE, NEW YORK.

Photograph by Ryron.



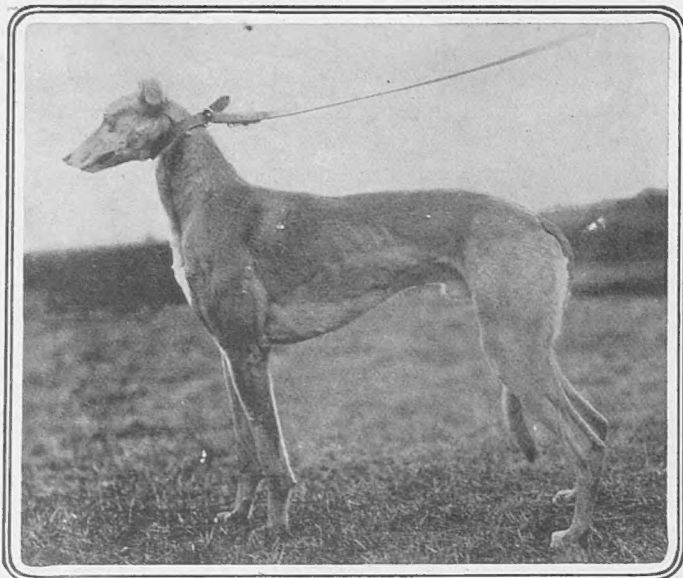
Drusilla Ives (Miss Alice Crawford).

David Ives (Mr. Louis Calvert).

THE DANCING GIRL OF THE DUKE OF GUISEBURY'S LAST FEAST: THE PURITANICAL DAVID IVES FINDS THAT HIS DAUGHTER IS A STAGE-DANCER, AND IS HORRIFIED.

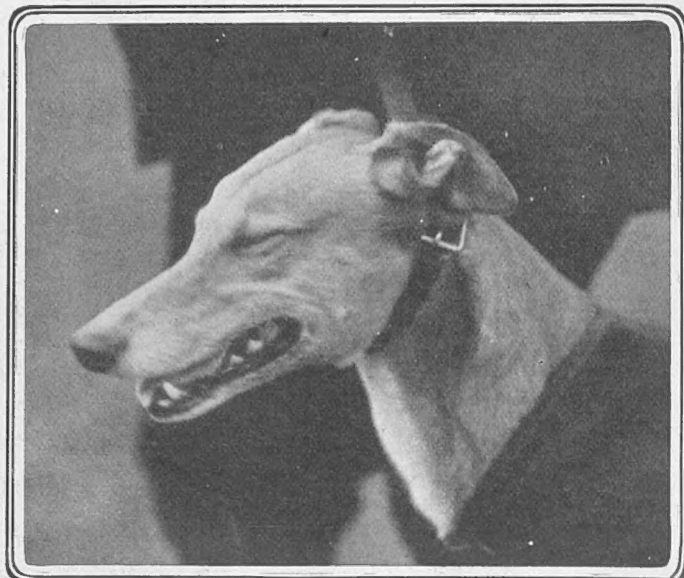
Not for the first time we have an example of the manner in which the stage anticipates real life, and in this case the anticipation may be regarded as far out of the ordinary. It will be remembered that wireless messages dispatched by Jack Binns, the Marconi operator on the "Republic," caused the rescue of the passengers and crew of that vessel. This very incident, a fact for the first time after the wreck of the "Republic," was anticipated months before in "Via Wireless," at the Liberty Theatre, New York. The scene illustrated shows the operator aboard the steamship "Mongolian" receiving, by means of wireless telegraphy, messages for help from a sinking yacht. It is said that when Jack Binns was offered ten thousand dollars to appear on the stage for ten weeks it was intended that he should play the part of the operator in this play. Our second illustration shows one of the most striking incidents in Mr. Tree's revival of "The Dancing Girl"—the moment when David Ives, coming to London, finds that his daughter is a professional dancer.

CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA: NEWS FROM HOME AND ABROAD.



[Photograph by Topical.]

DERBY DAY IN DOG LAND: MR. J. E. DENNIS'S DENDRASPIS, WINNER OF THE WATERLOO CUP.



DERBY DAY IN DOG LAND: AN INTERVAL FOR REFRESHMENTS DURING THE WATERLOO CUP.

The Waterloo Cup was decided last week. The favourite lost—as it has a habit of doing at other Derbys—but the second favourite won. This was Dendraspis, which, having already triumphed over Umpire, Seeking Success, Friendly Foe, White Rubicon, and Second Birrel, beat Mr. G. Mayall's Such a Sell in the final. The winner is the property of Mr. J. E. Dennis.

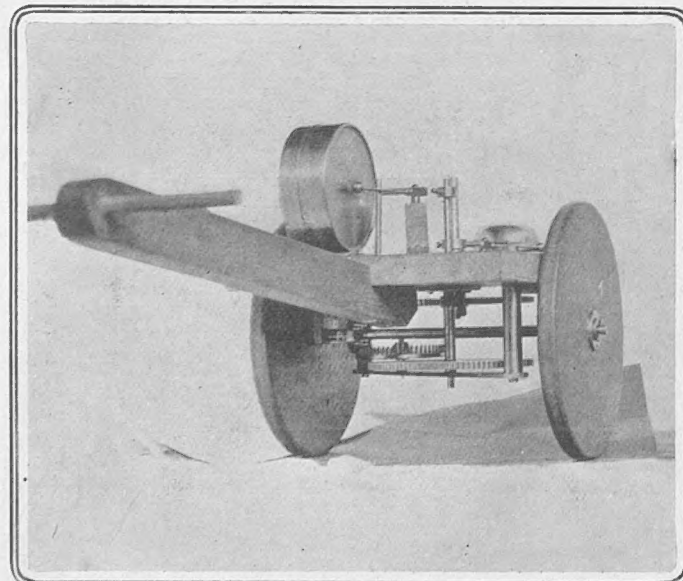
Photograph by Topical.



ENGLAND INVADED FOR THE CINEMATOGRAPH: "HELD UP" BY THE ENEMY.

A mock invasion of England—on the lines of that shown in "An Englishman's Home"—was arranged to take place on the Downs at Brighton the other day, that the incidents might be recorded for the cinematograph. The moment here illustrated shows a group of flannelled Englishmen and their sisters held up by the invaders; one of a series of moving pictures now to be seen at the London Coliseum.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



A TAXI THAT MIGHT HAVE COME OVER WITH THE CONQUEROR: THE CHINESE MEASURE-MILE-DRUM CHARIOT, OF 1027 A.D.

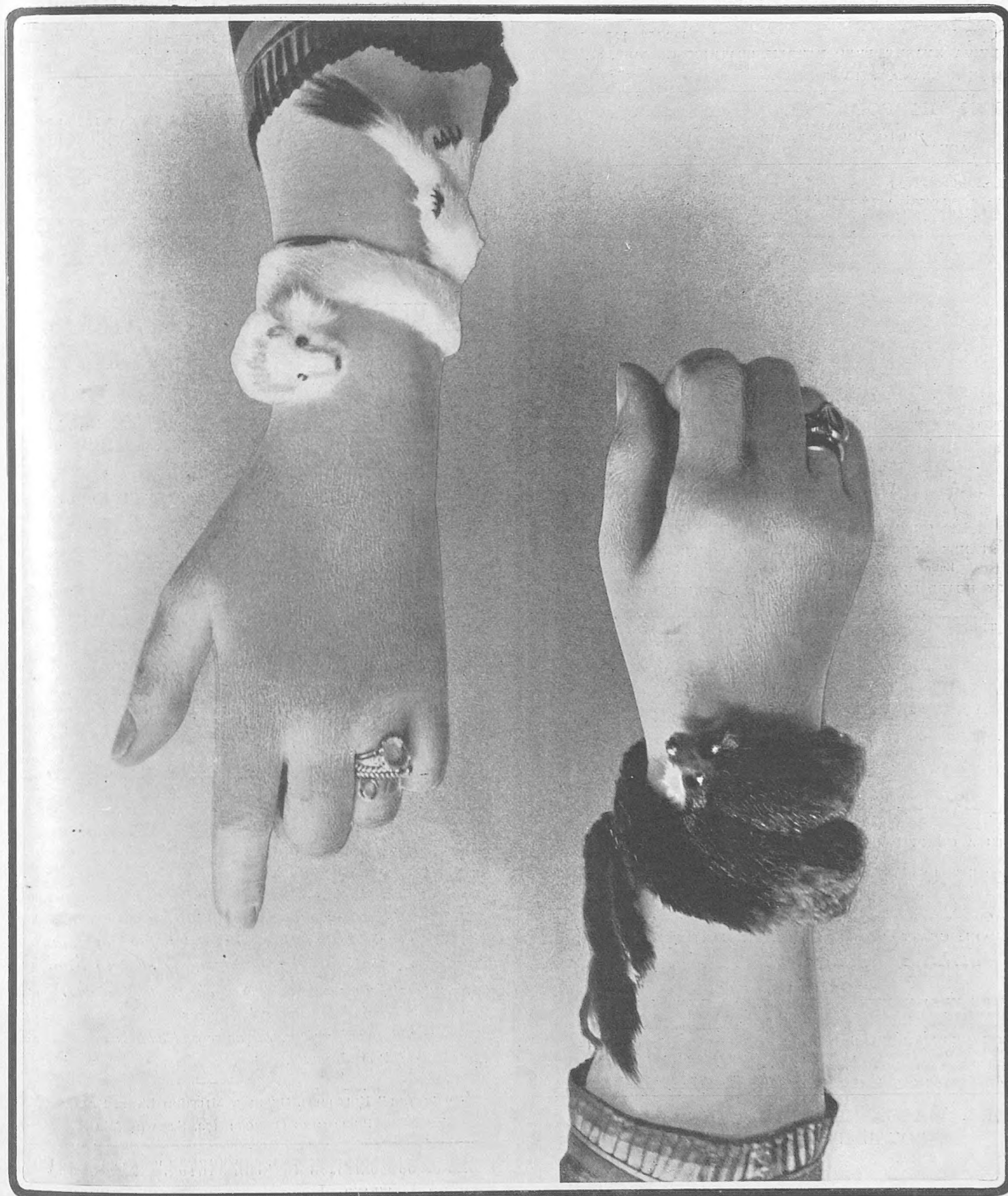
Our photograph shows the mechanism of the Chinese "taxi-cab" of 1027 A.D. The chariot was, no doubt, of wood, was two-wheeled, and at each revolution of its wheels covered eighteen feet. On its body were fixed two carved wooden figures of men armed with drumsticks. So soon as the conveyance had travelled 1800 feet the registering mechanism caused one of the figures to raise his stick and strike a drum; so soon as it had travelled 18,000 feet the other figure struck a bell.



FROM THE GERMAN EMPEROR TO THE HOMELESS OF SICILY: THE WOODEN VILLAGE SENT BY THE KAISER.

No sooner had the news of the great earthquake reached him than the German Emperor despatched to Palermo a war-ship that carried as cargo the materials needed for the construction of a wooden village. This village was erected with all speed by the German sailors, and may be regarded as a model of its kind. Each house is completely furnished, has all necessary sanitary arrangements, and is lit by electricity.—[Photograph by Delius.]

FOR THE WRIST — AND (WHY NOT ?) THE ANKLES.



THE BEASTIE BANGLE: THE WHOLE-ANIMAL FUR WRISTLET.

The old claim that if the wrists and the ankles are kept warm the whole of the body will be warm seems to have inspired a German firm to produce the wristlets here illustrated. We are unable to state whether similar provision is being made for cold ankles.

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, FEBRUARY 27.

THE KING OF SPAIN & MR. WILBUR WRIGHT
MISS ELLALINE TERRISS IN "THE DASHING
LITTLE DUKE"—

A Beautiful Study by G. C. Wilmshurst.

AFTER THE FALL: WHERE ADAM
AND EVE MET.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, FEBRUARY 27.

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BRUMMELL

IDIOT & PHILOSOPHER

By COSMO HAMILTON

WELL, and so they're at it again—I mean those windy jokers who are constitutionally unable to do anythin', and so sit and yap, physical invalids with vacuum of the brain, if you follow me. I don't know how you feel about it, of course, but to my mind—and as it has been proved over and over again that I've got a mind, I mention it boldly—it's quite marvellous. Because, catch hold of this and hold it tight, the thing, the whole weird thing, is one great senseless bluff. What? That's big talkin', I grant you. That's pitchin' a nobbly stick and hittin' hard. But if you are goin' to chuck, smash, that's my old notion. Just run your eye over these jokers who have come to town for the purpose of governin' the show.

First of all, they don't govern the show. They ungovern it. And secondly, ninety per cent. of 'em couldn't govern the show if the political system allowed 'em to do so. They don't know how. For I say this, and say it without the slightest fear of contradiction; I say that ninety per cent. of the men in Parliament, whether they be gentlemen or Radicals, are the fools of the family. In an ordinary English family, where there are five sons, the conventional and time-honoured manner of placin' 'em out is this. The eldest son, who will come into the old man's bit, is sent into the Army. He only, d'y'see, has to kill time and be ornamental. The second son, always the brainy feller, is bunged into the Navy, to work and be heftily useful. The third son, invariably the fool, is chucked into the House. Anythin' is good enough for him, and the long hours at Westminster do a good deal to keep him out of mischief. The fourth joker goes to a University, to run up bills and bag a blue, so that he may be suited to the Church. And the youngest touches 'em all down for a bit to keep people quiet, and devotes his life worthily to dressin' well and gracin' dinner-tables.

That's the orthodox insular plan, and it works as well as it always did. Thoroughly English fathers know their business, and do as their fathers did before them in the thoroughly English way. Let the four sons alone, d'y'see. They're all right. The eldest one looks well in his uniform, and does his duty by the chorus in the usual soldierly manner until such time as he is called upon to succeed to the family estates, when he gets out of the Army, marries a girl with a nice face and a good name, and goes out of sight, to shoot birds and run the pack and think of the next generation. The sailor mugs up all the marine tips, is perpetually sunburned, is sung about in the music-halls, and is always ready to do his duty, as is expected of him. A fine feller. The parson plays golf and cricket, drinks tea, christens, marries and buries, and

makes himself generally pleasant, and is always a very useful person to fill up the gap at the county dinner-table and take a hand at bridge.

He marries and has an enormous family. The Blood dresses the town, brings the latest story to the club, and keeps England high up among nations.

But now we come to the M.P.—the fool—and here we pause for breath. Like all fools, he is immensely taken with himself.

Oh, my Lord, isn't he just! When not sittin', he goes about the country talkin' the greatest rot conceivable about the things of which he knows nothin', and never will know anythin'. He mounts the platforms of town halls and corn exchanges, wearing the wrong collar and criminal boots, and yaps galore; absolutely runs amok though common-sense, outrages intelligence, shoots abominably, plays perennial bad golf, and has a secretary to whom he dictates idiotic letters. When not on the loose like this, you find him in the House at three sharp, portentously solemn, with blue-books stuffin' out his pockets, ready and pinin' to get up and yap when he is permitted to do so, and always votin' as he is ordered by his chiefs. That's the gentleman-fool M.P. The Radical M.P. is not quite such a fool, because he is invariably an M.P. for business reasons. Either he is paid to be an M.P., as a pro. is paid by a county eleven, for the same reason, or he works bullion out of his membership in a dozen other City ways. We know 'em, all too well.

And what, if you please, of the remainin' ten per cent. of members of both parties? Well, the once inners, now out, do their best to keep the now inners, once out, from puttin' in any work that can do the country any good, accordin' to the party

system; and the now inners, when they manage to dodge the once inners, send up their Bills to the other and only useful House, well knowin' those Bills will come back with their tails between their legs; and the sum-total of the work of the whole tootin' shoot is nil, dear man, absolutely nil. That's Parliament. That's the whole thing in a nutshell, and I don't wonder. Do you? What we're all waitin' for is another Cromwell, some strong fellow who is above vanity and the desire for advertisement, and who knows business, who will rise up on his hind legs one fine day and blow out the House of Commons from end to end, start a company to run a big co-operative stores called England, Limited, and conduct it as Harrod's is conducted. Then we shall have an Army, a Navy, and a Civil Service that can all do their job without fear or favour. Then Consols will go up with a rush, and stay there. See what I mean, bless you?



PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA—NEW STYLE.

P.C. Use on his way to free Miss Anne Dromeda from her chains.

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.



THE CLUBMAN

TRUTHFUL FOOTBALL—THE ATHLETIC TURKISH OFFICER.



ONE of the results of the bloodless revolution in Turkey is that the Turkish boys in Constantinople are following their elders, are imitating Western things, and are taking to football. I suppose they play on the very dusty parade-ground, not far from the German Embassy, which has always been the resort of all the little ragamuffins of Pera. The last time I stayed in Constantinople I saw, at the far side of this parade-ground, what appeared to be an exciting game of "I'm the king of the castle" in progress, and incautiously walked across the open space to watch it. Whatever the game was, it was abandoned on my approach for a much more fascinating one—the extraction of backsheesh from the foreigner. I returned across the parade-ground with a hundred picturesque little imps dancing round me and demanding toll.

I tried to appear unconscious of this escort, and to walk unhurriedly and with dignity, but this did not in the least deceive my persecutors. The more leisurely I strolled, the more fiercely they danced. I gained the road, and began to walk back towards the Grande Rue, and my escort danced before and behind me. Grave Turks meeting me could not repress a smile. I have no doubt that I was crimson in the face and that my dignity was laughable to behold; but I was as obstinate as a Briton always is under such circumstances, and I was not going to purchase freedom by largesse. At last, when I approached those parts of the town where watchmen and other people with big sticks might be lying in wait, my escort began to decrease in number, each brat as he turned and went back shouting something at me which made his little fellow-sinners shriek with laughter. Not for one moment do I think that the young Turks whom Selim Serî Bey is initiating into the mysteries of "Rugger" and "Soccer" would leave a match to demand backsheesh from the stranger, for they are all sons of respectable Turks, and no man is more respectable than the man of the Turkish middle classes; but I hope that if they do play their League matches on the dusty Artillery parade-ground, they will appoint a vigilance committee to deal with the imps who persecuted me. I do not think that to see the most keenly disputed game in the world I would venture across that open space again without a guardian skilled in the use of abusive Turkish and a big stick.

But do not let us think that we are civilising Turkey because football has come to the city on the Golden Horn via Great Britain. Like Diabolo, and a good many other games, football was played in China when Britons were blue-stained barbarians. The Chinese game of football, however, is not like ours. The young Chinamen play it in the

street, and their effort is to keep the ball in the air. They kick the ball with the edge of the thick soles of their feet. In a way this is just as neat a feat as the head-work of a clever Association player. The introduction of athletics is not confined to the boys in Pera; the younger Turkish officers, both of the army and the navy, are determined to do all that is possible worthily to take their places alongside their Western brethren. The Turkish soldier of the lower ranks has always been known as a first-class fighting-man, with wonderful powers of marching and a happy knack of subsisting for days on a few handfuls of grain and a jug of water; but the regimental officers have been regarded as the weak point in the Ottoman army. They rarely received their pay, their clothes were so shabby that no self-respecting scarecrow would carry them on its sticks, and many of them preferred sitting reflectively and smoking a "hubble-bubble" to exercising their men in minor tactics.

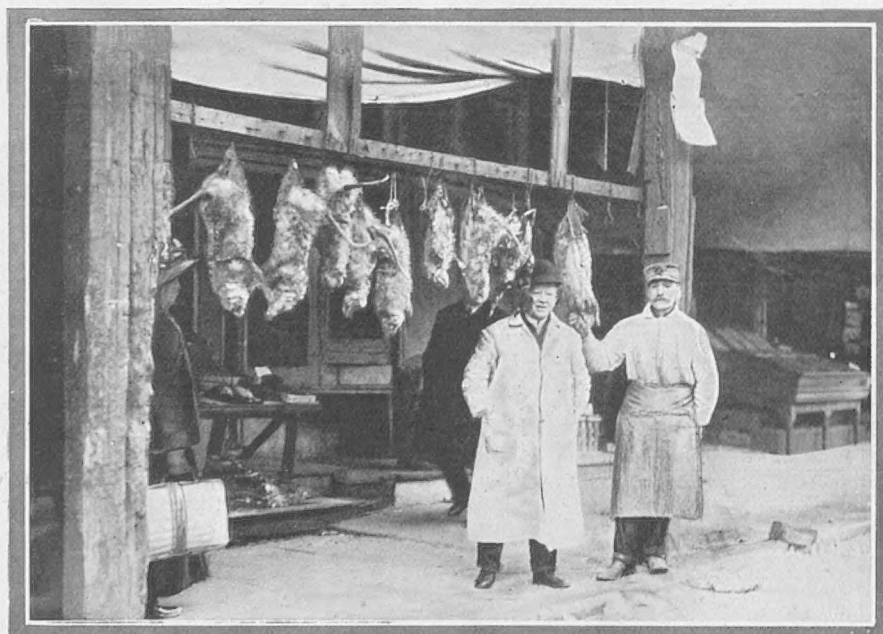
All this is to be changed now. The Committee of Union and Progress has decreed that the pay of an officer is to be paid to him, not owed to him; and both in the capital and the provinces the officers are responding by becoming efficient. A horse-loving Pasha has started a hunt club, and foreigners and Turks charge stone walls and fall into ditches in friendly rivalry. The cavalry officers are making long-distance rides, after the manner of the French and Italian officers, and there is a proposal at the Turkish War Office to send over a team of cavalry officers to compete at our international horse show at Olympia. Last year the Belgians and Italians taught us lessons in ornamental jumping in the arena. It would be a reversal of form with a vengeance if the Turks were this year to show us the way over fences. No doubt, the Turks will take to polo kindly, for it is an Eastern game. All the polo by the Bosphorus has, up to the present time, been played by Europeans. At Therapia, the beautiful village to which the Embassies move for the hot months, there is a polo-ground which, if not the best of its kind, is a fairly smooth space, and there the Attachés of the Embassies play two or three times a week. The first question asked about any new-comer to the staff of an Ambassador always is, "Will he play polo?" It will be a new excitement for the hamlet of hotels and Embassies when a challenge is received from the officers of one of the regiments at Yildiz Kiosk. I hope that the reformers will not, while they are at their reforming work, forget that the Constantinople roads require more reforming than anything else in the capital, and that the dogs require reforming out of existence. With drains, good roads, and no dogs, Pera would be quite a pleasant town.



ABOUT TO MEET THE WORST BOGEY OF HIS CAREER: MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER (WITH HIS BLACK CADDIE) WAITING TO START A GAME OF GOLF.

Mr. Rockefeller, the Oil King, has had to meet a good many bogeys during his career, but none that he has found so difficult to beat as Colonel Bogey.—[Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.]

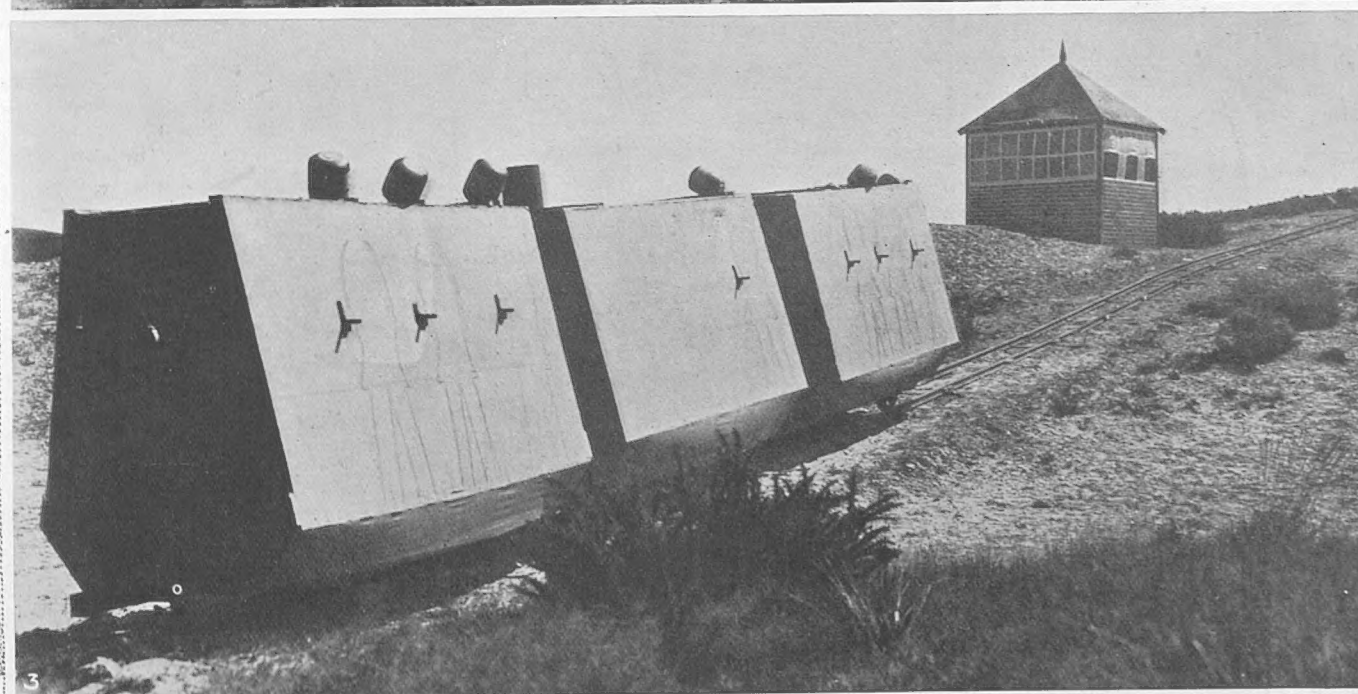
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BILL POSSUM, SUCCESSOR TO TEDDY BEAR: OPOSSUMS FOR SALE AS FOOD IN NEW YORK.

It is said that what the Teddy Bear has been to Mr. Roosevelt, Billy Possum is to be to the President's successor, Mr. Taft. Much has been made of the possum since the President-Elect, visiting Georgia, was entertained to a possum banquet; and "Billy" seems destined to become as popular a dish in New York as he is in the South.—[Photograph by G. G. Bain.]

BOYCOTTING THE BULLSEYE: REMARKABLE TARGETS.



1. THE BOER TARGET OF THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION—IN NATURAL COLOURS.

2. A RANGE WITH DISAPPEARING-FIGURE TARGETS—BACK VIEW.

3. AN ARMoured-TRAIN OF CANVAS, MANNED BY DUMMY SOLDIERS, USED AS A TARGET.

It would seem that the days of what may perhaps be called the bullseye target are numbered. In place of the black-and-white arrangement of circles, there are being used more and more targets painted to resemble typical landscapes or to represent typical figures in uniform. Such are the first and second targets shown on this page. In the first case, if the marksman is unable to see his mark with comparative certainty, he tests the effect of his shots by aiming at the numbers behind the target. The third illustration is a moving target, an armoured train of canvas that runs on rails. As we noted last week, the War Office has decided to adopt the Solano targets, which are modelled on somewhat the same lines as the Boer target—that is to say, they are miniature painted landscapes, with small painted or modelled figures.

Photographs by L. N. A.



WIFE OF THE MEMBER FOR NORTH WOOD: MRS. GIBSON S. BOWLES.

Mrs. Gibson Bowles, daughter-in-law of the redoubtable "Tommy" Bowles, has been in politics for the greater part of her life, for her father, the late John Penn, was for a considerable time member for Lewisham.

Photograph by Thomson.

alistic; and when a venerable peer, who lately heard him, impatiently exclaimed "Pshaw!" a Commoner friend enthusiastically seconded the exclamation—"Oh, yes, that's Shaw all over."

Give a Pack a Good Name.

It is well known that Mr. Money Coutts, with the perverseness that is part of human nature, tries to forget the golden tinkle of his name by writing verses like any beggarly poet, and consorting with the impoverished Muses. Now another gentleman is pretending that his name means nothing. It is quite impermissible for Mr. St. Leger Fox to contend that he is done with hunting and horses, and even if he puts on a Roman collar or a kilt as a mark of his retirement from his mastership of hounds, mention of him will always conjure up his likeness arrayed in leather breeches and a stock. Earl Manvers is also among the retiring masters of foxhounds; and Lord Leconfield's relinquishment, at the end of the season, of the mastership of the West Cumberland Hounds will let Sir Wilfrid Lawson into a position held by his father for several seasons. Another marked man is Mr. Reynell-Pack; it is absurd that all his inclinations should



WIFE OF THE MEMBER FOR EAST DENBIGHSHIRE: MRS. EDWARD G. HEMMERDE.

As a bachelor, Mr. Hemmerde wooed the electors of Winchester unsuccessfully; after he had wooed and won the then Miss Colley, he became member for East Denbighshire.

Photograph by F. A. Swaine.

SMALL TALK

LORD SHAW will certainly prove himself the *enfant terrible* of the House of Lords. Disraeli said that while "Don Juan" might set the note for successful speaking in the Commons, "Paradise Lost" was more in the key of the Lords. Lord Shaw has lost a paradise, no doubt, in leaving the popular arena; but he will be a Don Juan of a speaker to the end of his days. His is a truculence that is purely individualistic.



WIFE OF THE MEMBER FOR INVERNESS: MRS. JOHN ANNAN BRYCE.

Mrs. Bryce was a L'Estrange, a name familiar in the romances of Ireland. She is interested not only in politics but in matters that concern the literary and artistic worlds.

Photograph by F. A. Swaine.

turn to yachting when he makes such a good rhyme with the Meynell Pack.

The Painter's Undoing.

The American colony in Rome tends birthday congratulations on Friday to Mr. Elihu Vedder, the illustrator of Omar. Mr. Vedder lives in Italy because, unlike his compatriots, Whistler, Sargent, and Abbey, he found England unkind. And he has a story of the incident that proved fatal to the attainment in London of the fame he achieved in Rome. While staying with an English knightly companion, he awoke to find one morning that his stock of linen had to be carefully husbanded in order that it should outlast the week. In all innocence, he tapped at his host's door and asked for "the loan of the scissors you pare your cuffs with." From that day his career in the

land of the "well-groomed" was at an end. While we feel inclined to assure Mr. Vedder that a custom in cuffs can have no vast bearing on an artist's career, it must be remembered that the habits of the toilet are often open to international misunderstanding. Not long ago, an Englishman, arising from his first night's rest in noisy New York, went to the "office" in his magnificent hotel and

complained to the clerk:

"Here, I put my boots outside my door last night, and nobody has taken them."
"Yes, and you might put your watch there, boss, and it wouldn't be touched. We're an honest people."

Ayes and Noes.

The future Lady Campden, who remains Miss Egerton Castle for a few weeks longer, is an earnest though peaceful worker in the cause of Votes for Women. If, in the future, peeresses are called upon to give their votes in the House of Lords, there will be a good deal of cross voting. Lord and Lady Carlisle are not the only couple whose views on social reform are divergent; but it is generally noted that the Lords who differ from their Ladies in politics lead a particularly united life in all the domesticities.

The Redesdales.

Lord Redesdale, who is a trustee of the Wallace Collection and the National Gallery, and a writer of books on Japan, is a man of many memories and pre-occupations, not least among the latter being a family of nine—withal, he is seventy-two to-day, while his twin children are barely fourteen. His wife did not share with him his experiences in the Diplomatic Service, but they were together, the most anxious parents

in London, at the time of the Boer War, in which their two eldest sons were both dangerously wounded.

The Brave and the Fair.

"Mr. Winston" has done many and many a brave thing in his life. But it is a common opinion that his courage was never in greater jeopardy than it was when he went to Lady Londonderry's party—which was almost exclusively a Party party. Of old days he went as a true-blue to Park Lane, and it was the recollection of his old colour that made his present sporting of the red so discordant to the eyes of political connoisseurs. But Mr. Winston Churchill has fast friends among his political opponents; and there is a social courage which is possible and even easy to a man who has an exceedingly popular wife at his side.



WIFE OF THE MEMBER FOR WALTON: MRS. F. E. SMITH.

Mrs. F. E. Smith was born at Oxford, where her father, the late Rev. H. Furneaux, of Corpus, was well known as a scholar and as an editor of Tacitus. Mrs. Smith has one son, a godson of Mr. Winston Churchill.

Photograph by F. A. Swaine.



VICTIM OF AN UNPLEASANT ADVENTURE: LADY LEUCHA WARNER.

Lady Warner had a most unpleasant adventure last week, a man throwing himself under her motor-car. Her Ladyship is a daughter of the late Lord Montalt.

Photograph by F. A. Swaine.

JIM - JAM PHOTOGRAPHY.



A HORSE THAT IS FIRST COUSIN TO A NIGHTMARE: A STEED TELESCOPED BY A PHOTOGRAPHER.

We give on this page a remarkable example of freak-photography. The result was obtained without faking negative or print in any way; how it was obtained we leave it to photographers to find out.

Photograph by Ballance.

CROWNS-CORONETS-COURTIERS



MR. R. STAPLES BROWNE, WHOSE WEDDING TO MISS SYLVIA HUNTINGTON TOOK PLACE ON WEDNESDAY OF LAST WEEK.

Mr. Staples Browne is the son of a great Oxford squire.

Photograph by Hills and Saunders.

"was the Prince Consort. Prince Albert in very person! Everybody knows how Queen Victoria doted on her amiable husband. It was a jealous affection which could not bear even the least shade of another crossing its path. Now, one evening at dinner, the Prince, out of pure courtesy, had extended some special attentions to one of the Ladies-in-Waiting. The Queen, in a fit of irritation, immediately gave the following order, 'Let the Prince be taken to the Tower.' Everyone was stupefied: it must obviously be some jest on the Queen's part. Not at all; the Queen was far from being in a jesting humour, and the Prince had accordingly to be taken to the Tower."

A Royal Release. The Prince, we are relieved to hear, made no sign of surprise, nor did he offer any show of resistance. With all the consideration due to his exalted person, he was led away to the cell. "On the morrow of his adventure, Victoria, ashamed and very sorry, hastily betook herself to the Tower, and, naturally, assured the Prince that he was free. Judge of her surprise when Albert said to her: 'It is not at my wife's request that I can leave; I must await the signed order of the Queen.' And there was no help for it but the Queen had to submit to sign the order in the regular way." The story "amused me greatly," says the confiding Canon; and we too smile,

THERE are some stories of English life, "big" or low, appearing in Paris journals and brochures which have an origin that can be at least guessed at. But the worthy French Canon who has just published an account of "A Week in London" has altogether uncovenanted stories to tell about the Tower of London. "The last captive interned in the 'Tower,'" he tells his readers, and they believe him,

will encourage rather than deter King Alfonso in the enterprise. King Leopold takes a safer course in offering a prize of £1000 to the most successful aviator of 1911. What if a King lays claim to it?

Consuelos.

Consuelo Duchess of Manchester, to whom the King confided his plans when he dined with her recently in Grosvenor Square, has taken a villa at Biarritz for the spring, and the King will have the company of her guests and his friends during his annual visit, which falls early in March, to that place. Consuelomeans "comfort," or "consolation," which is a masculine substantive; but the name is feminine because it implies Maria as a first name. Nearly all Spanish women are christened Maria, and there are many suffixes which come to be used as the sole name: thus Mary of the Seven Sorrows is "Dolores"; Mary of Mount Carmel is our wild friend "Carmen" and our agile "Carmencita"; and Mary of Good Comfort is "Consuelo."

Dining and Dancing.

Cora, Countess of Strafford, who gives a dinner and a dance at the beginning of March, has never cut the cables of affection that bind her to America, and since the death of her one-year husband, the fourth Earl, she has lived off and on in New Hamburg, in the States. Like three of the five Earls of Strafford, Cora, Countess, was twice married, her first husband having been an American. Lord Strafford was sixty-seven when she became his wife, and sixty-eight when he died, but in the meantime she had received and made many friends in London, and also come to be on good terms with herself as a hostess.

The Working Classes. Lord Knollys, who is doing quite a lot of "stunts" these days in his manifold capacities at Bucking-



MRS. R. STAPLES BROWNE (FORMERLY MISS SYLVIA HUNTINGTON), WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE LAST WEEK.

Mrs. Staples Browne is the sister of the popular baronet, Sir Charles Huntington.

Photograph by Lafayette.



MISS VIOLET BROCKLEBANK, WHO IS ENGAGED TO MR. GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE JUN.

Mr. Westinghouse, heir to ten millions, first met his future bride when, dressed as a workman, he showed her over his father's works, she having no idea at the time who he was.—[Photograph by Kate Pragnell.]



CAPTAIN ERNEST JOHNSTON AND MRS. JOHNSTON (FORMERLY MISS MABEL SCHULTZ), WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE YESTERDAY (TUESDAY).

Captain Johnston is a son of Colonel Johnston, of Elgin; Mrs. Johnston, a daughter of the well-known financier, Mr. Sindford Schultz.—[Photographs by Lafayette.]

whether at or with him it would perhaps be cruel to declare.

The Flight of the King.

It is much against his Consort's wish that King Alfonso has decided to fly, and if the lady maintains her objections, even in the presence of the persuasive Wilbur, the King will of course refrain from his attempt to visit the castles in Spain that are also castles in the air. But Mr. Wilbur Wright's expected stay in Miramar Palace, at San Sebastian, is itself, like all his movements, still in the air. It is certain that the danger attending the casting of himself to the winds and Wilbur

ham Palace, inherits a great capacity for work from his father, who even at the age of eighty refused to lay his own particular Black Rod upon the shelf. Lord Knollys has reason to be tired—which he never is—for the amount of correspondence devolving upon the right hand of his Majesty's private secretary during nearly forty years' service in that capacity is appalling to think of. Lord Knollys faced the extra work of the approaching season quite cheerfully, with seventy-two years to his credit—and without a typewriter! The thought of him haunts the arm-chairs of the idle, and is the nightmare attending their couches.



DAUGHTER OF LORD AND LADY NORMANBY; LADY KATHARINE PHIPPS.

Photograph by Speaight



DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. ERNEST GUINNESS; MISS GUINNESS.

Photograph by Speaight.

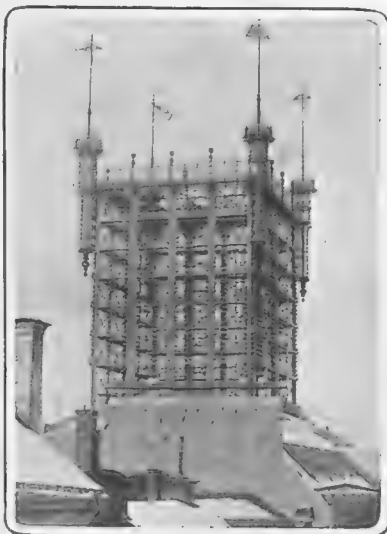
✠ ✠ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD! ✠ ✠



THE WATCH FOR WHICH THE WATCHER WATCHED: SMUGGLING A TIMEPIECE IN A CAKE

The ways of the smuggler are as ingenious as they are many. One of his (or her) favourite tricks was to seek to pass watches through the customs in cakes. The idea is less popular than it was, for the simple reason that it has been over-exploited.

Photograph by the P.-F. Press Bureau.



THE DECORATIVE TELEPHONE: THE ELABORATE TELEPHONE-TOWER OF STOCKHOLM.

This elaborate tower is above the Stockholm Exchange. For its size, Stockholm has more telephones than any other city in the world. It will be interesting to see whether other countries will now indulge in ornamental poles.

Photograph by Sports Co.



TAILORING BY MACHINE: AN INGENIOUS METHOD OF MARKING ALTERATIONS REQUIRED.

An ingenious person has invented this method of marking the place at which skirts should be cut. It has the advantage of ensuring the cutting being in a straight line. The dry chalk is blown on to the material by means of a pneumatic bulb.

Photograph by Topical.



Photo. Illus. Bureau.

JUMP-TO-GLORY TOMMIES (IN MINIATURE): BOY SCOUTS TAKING A MOUND OF TURF—A STUDY IN EXPRESSION AND ATTITUDES.



A COMPLETE HOUSEHOLD AS A GARDEN-ROLLER: PRIMITIVE METHODS IN INDIA.

This curious roller is used for rolling fields in certain of the provinces of India. The rough log is pulled by oxen (in this case, four), and is weighted by the farmer and his family standing upon it, and helping to move it with their feet.

Photograph by Fleet Agency.



DONKEYS AS POLO PONIES: BRITISH SOLDIERS READY FOR A GAME AT TIENTSIN.

A good many of our readers must have played donkey-polo at one period or another of their lives. These, in particular, will be interested in this photograph of British soldiers at Tientsin about to begin a game.

Photograph by Fleet Agency.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (Monotie)

"CHARLES I."—"WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS"—"MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE"—"THE DANCING GIRL"—"THE DASHING LITTLE DUKE"—
"THE HIGH BID"—"THE PRISONER OF ZENDA."

WHAT a debauch of revivals!—four in a week, and none representing drama of the highest class. No doubt "Charles I." is tragedy, and belongs to what is generally deemed the most important style of play; but the wilful untruth in the treatment of Cromwell is inexcusable, and seriously lowers the tone of the picturesque, rather depressing piece. The character of the "martyr" is represented by Mr. Irving with no small measure of charm and dignity, but even he can hardly give the idea that this travesty of history is of great dramatic value.

"What Every Woman Knows" has returned to its old home, where I paid another visit to it; and, to my surprise, was less affected by the conventionality of the conclusion than upon the first night—presumably because the knowledge that Mr. J. M. Barrie had been human, and therefore unable to maintain the surprising level of the first and second acts, lessened the shock of the falling-off. There have been greater new dramas in my time, but none more delightful, nor has there been any performance excelling that of Miss Hilda Trevelyan; yet one must not forget to praise the superb John Shand of Mr. Gerald du Maurier and the admirable performances of Mrs. Tree, Miss McCarthy, Mr. Vibart, and Mr. Gwenn.

Presumably, the time will come when "Monsieur Beaucaire" cannot be revived with impunity, but it seems far distant. "David Garrick" for a long time was a useful stopgap for Sothorn, and then became of even greater value in the same way to Sir Charles Wyndham; and "Beaucaire" may last as long, or at least as long as Mr. Lewis Waller is

able to play it as if he loved it and delighted in representing the gallant Frenchman who drubs the unfortunate Britons. He is fortunate in having Miss Grace Lane to represent the heroine.

"The Dancing Girl"—poor girl, she has aged a good deal, and some of her efforts at rejuvenation, such as the reference to the *Daily Mail*, make the fact the more obvious. There were moments the other night when one might have guessed that the piece was one of the latest works of Mr. Hall Caine, and the idea would have been strengthened by Miss Alice Crawford's acting, which was a good deal on the Glory Quayle lines. Still, at its worst, "The Dancing Girl" never quite sinks to the level of "The Christian," and some scenes are really powerful; whilst Reginald Slingsby, cleverly acted by Mr. Vane Tempest, is an ingenious character, quite modern in feeling. Probably the fact that the play has aged so quickly is really evidence that it is suspected, for it was the most successful specimen of the earlier manner of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, and was accepted seriously in 1891 as modern

drama. The Duke of Guisebury is one of Mr. Tree's best parts, and though taken a little too easily by him, is an excellent specimen of his lighter style. Miss Marie Löhr is quite charming as Sybil Crake. Miss Vera Coburn and Miss Basil Gill, and Mr. Louis Calvert played excellently. "Tilda's New Hat," which begins the evening, is a brilliant, amusing comediotta, superbly acted, which everybody ought to see. One rarely has

such a performance as that of Miss Agnes Thomas, Miss Florence Lloyd, Miss Fairbrother, and Mr. Norman Page.

It seems to be generally agreed that Miss Ellaline Terriss has triumphed as the boy hero in "The Dashing Little Duke." She certainly plays the more serious passages with sincerity and tenderness—passages in which the boy, being insulted before the Court, vows to prove his manhood; and in which he wins the love of his young wife by his valiant challenge to the man who would be her lover. There can seldom be any illusion of reality when a woman plays a swaggering boy; and I am afraid the present case is no exception to the rule. The play itself is better than musical comedy, for it has a plot and no irrelevant low-comedy humours, and its music (by Mr. Frank Tours) aims high. Perhaps it is too much to expect originality in an adaptation of an old French comedy such as this is. The other chief parts are in the capable throats of Mr. Hayden Coffin, Miss Louie Pounds, Mr. Courtice Pounds, and Miss Elizabeth Firth, the last of whom made a great impression by a powerful voice used with dramatic effect.

The latest production by the Afternoon Théâtre at His Majesty's Theatre



IN HER DOMINIONS BEYOND THE SQUARE: THE FAIRY QUEEN OF "PINKIE AND THE FAIRIES" AT THE COLISEUM.

Little Miss Elise Craven, who met with so much success as the Fairy Queen in "Pinkie and the Fairies," has moved the seat of her government from the Haymarket, across Trafalgar Square, to St. Martin's Lane, and is starring it at the Coliseum in a special sketch. She is said to be receiving £100 a week.

Photograph by Campbell Gray.



THE REVIVAL OF "THE DANCING GIRL" AT HIS MAJESTY'S: MR. TREE AS THE DUKE OF GUISEBURY.

we are making more progress than is suspected, for it was the most successful specimen of the earlier manner of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, and was accepted seriously in 1891 as modern

was a rather diaphanous attempt at light comedy by Mr. Henry James. "The High Bid" is a bid made by a charming American widow, who pays off the mortgages on an old country mansion and marries the young heir, who had been, rather unworthily, prepared to save the property by changing his political convictions and marrying the daughter of the mortgagee. It was not a heroic position for Mr. Forbes Robertson, who played the heir, but he made the best of it in his most self-sacrificing manner, and Miss Gertrude Elliott played vivaciously as the widow. Mr. James had much to say about many things, but, unfortunately, did not say it in a manner exactly suited to the stage. The piece has its subtleties and delicate touches of humour, but certainly lacks virility.

"The Prisoner of Zenda" wears very well, and had a very hearty greeting. Mr. Alexander's Rassendyll is better than ever. Miss Stella Campbell is quite a charming Flavia, and Miss Frances Dillon played Antoinette powerfully. Moreover, Mr. Frank Cooper and Mr. Brydone represented Michael and Sapté capitally.



THE REVIVAL OF "LOUIS XI." AT THE SHAFTESBURY: MR. H. B. IRVING AS THE KING.

Photograph by Ellis and Watery.

FROM THE "AVIATOR'S ADVISER": NOTES IN PASSING.



"MR. TOMKYNS-SMYTHE HAS, WE UNDERSTAND, GIVEN UP FLYING, AND IS NOW RESTING ON HIS LAURELS."

DRAWN BY PHILIP BAYNES.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

The Chancellor's Chant.

So many more or less intelligent anticipations of the Budget have been published, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer has been denounced so heartily in advance, that he might almost fear the doom of another robber of roasts, the stout-hearted old King of Assyria. Doubtless, Mr. Lloyd George is familiar with the passage in Isaiah in which the prophet records the soliloquy of that thorough-going gleaner of spoil—

By the strength of my hand have I done it, and by my wisdom; for I am prudent: and I have removed the bounds of the people, and have robbed their treasures, and I have put down the inhabitants like a valiant man: And my hand hath found as a nest the riches of the people: And as one that gathereth eggs that are left, have I gathered all the earth; And there was none that moved the wing, or opened the mouth, or peeped.

The ancient King, against whom the prophet had rather a grudge, was a wholehogger of a different variety from that of which we hear to-day. Should the Chancellor emulate him in deed as well as in phrase, truly well may the teeth of us all go gnashing.

Choice v. Accident.

Mr. Bowles made his point rather neatly as to the nationality of himself and the gentleman with whom he is contesting Mid-Glasgow. The same little difficulty cropped up in a recent election in America, where the candidates were a true-born American and one who had emigrated and become by purchase a son, or nephew—of Uncle Sam. The naturalised citizen admitted that his rival had a sort of pull over him in this and only this, that he was born in America. That, however, did not count. His rival had had no voice in the matter. Now he, the emigrant, had made his choice; after surveying the universal landscape o'er, he had selected America as his home, and by so doing had paid that great country a greater compliment than had the man who chanced to be born there. "The only difference between us is that I came into the country in trousers, while my friend entered it with none," he cheerfully concluded.

Chasing the Sun.

Pau is crowded to an unusual extent this year with English visitors seeking the sun and the flights of the Wright Brothers. But those who went to see the sun there have been rained out and snowed under, while their friends at home have been able to tell them of the beauties of the English climate—upon picked days. This seeking of the sun formed the subject of a tract which a lady friend of Tennyson gave to an elderly

parishioner in her district in Lincolnshire. Why the suggestion should be put into such a woman's hand, that she should forsake her native country and flee to the south of sunny France, does not quite appear. At any rate, she did not appreciate it. "I don't like that tract called 'Chasin' the Soon'!" she grumbled. "I don't think nothink to chasin' the soon! Chasin' the soon, indeed! I think God A'moighty'll soon let folks know as chivies Him; He'll be takin' and puttin' it somewhere else, I reckon. Chaasin' the soon, indeed! I doan't like such waays." So there.

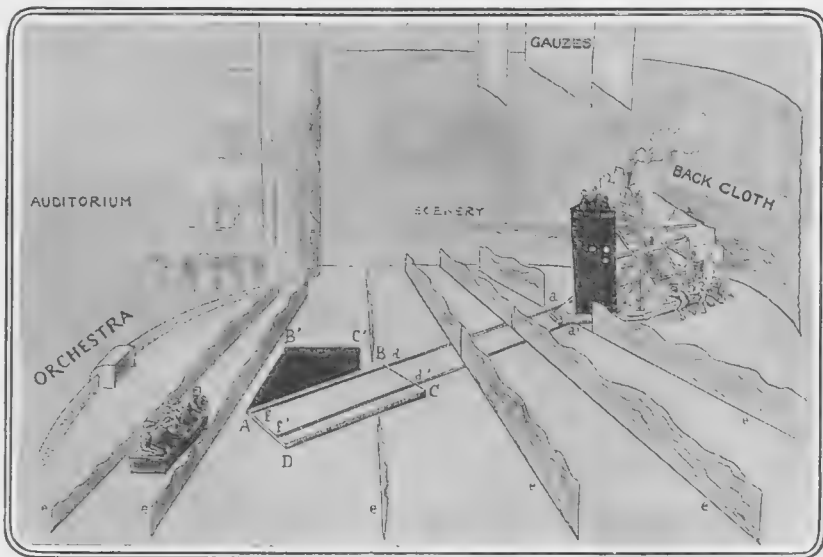
Strayed Secrets.

An unromantic London editor with a passion for the mere truth has let daylight into what seemed at first quite a nice little story of the Cabinet's suspending work, the Prime Minister aghast, Scotland Yard at its wits' end, because a despatch of terrific import had been lost, doubtless because some perfidious foreign Power had bought the secret which it contained. The truth was that the despatch was a copy of an ordinary official minute which was dropped in the street, found, and sent without delay to the addressee. So perisheth the good story. Well, things of this sort have happened.

The Foreign Office still rejoices over the recovery of a despatch that was lost, not for a post or two, but for a century. It was the report of one of our Ambassadors, relating to an important treaty then pending. All the other documents were in the possession of the Foreign Office, but a blank represented this interesting despatch. A few years ago, there occurred a 'bus accident in the City, and a package slipped from the pocket of an unknown man. A labourer picked it up, and, being unable to return it to the man who had dropped it, carted it off to the Foreign Office. The mystery of that document's century of travel has never been explained.

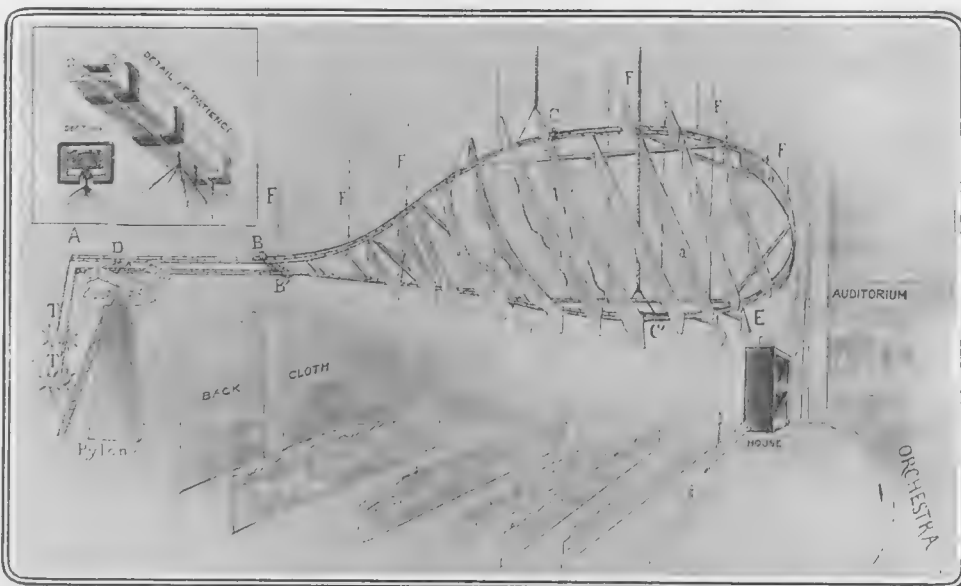
The Lieutenant-General Fortune of War.

Lieutenant-General Hutchinson lectures this afternoon on the Fortune of War. Here is an instance of the sort of thing that he is pretty sure to omit. The scene was, naturally, a battlefield, and upon a height commanding the theatre of action rested a Turkish General. To him came an aide-de-camp galloping with direful tidings: "All our artillery has been captured!" The Turkish leader stroked his beard, and in it found consolation. "We have reason to be very thankful that it was not paid for," he answered, with the nicest of military smiles.



A LINER ON THE STAGE: HOW THE "AMAZON" IS BROUGHT BEFORE THE AUDIENCE.

When not in use, the "Amazon," which from the front looks as big as an Atlantic liner, is hung in the wings. It weighs 9000 lb. The vessel runs along two rails. At the end of the rails is a tray (A, B, C, D). This is the exact size of a hole in the stage (B', C'). So soon as the vessel is on the tray, men push it and the tray over the pit, which is a lift; thus, when the vessel has to take fire and sink, red lights are flared, miniature bombs are exploded, and the vessel sinks down the lift-shaft.

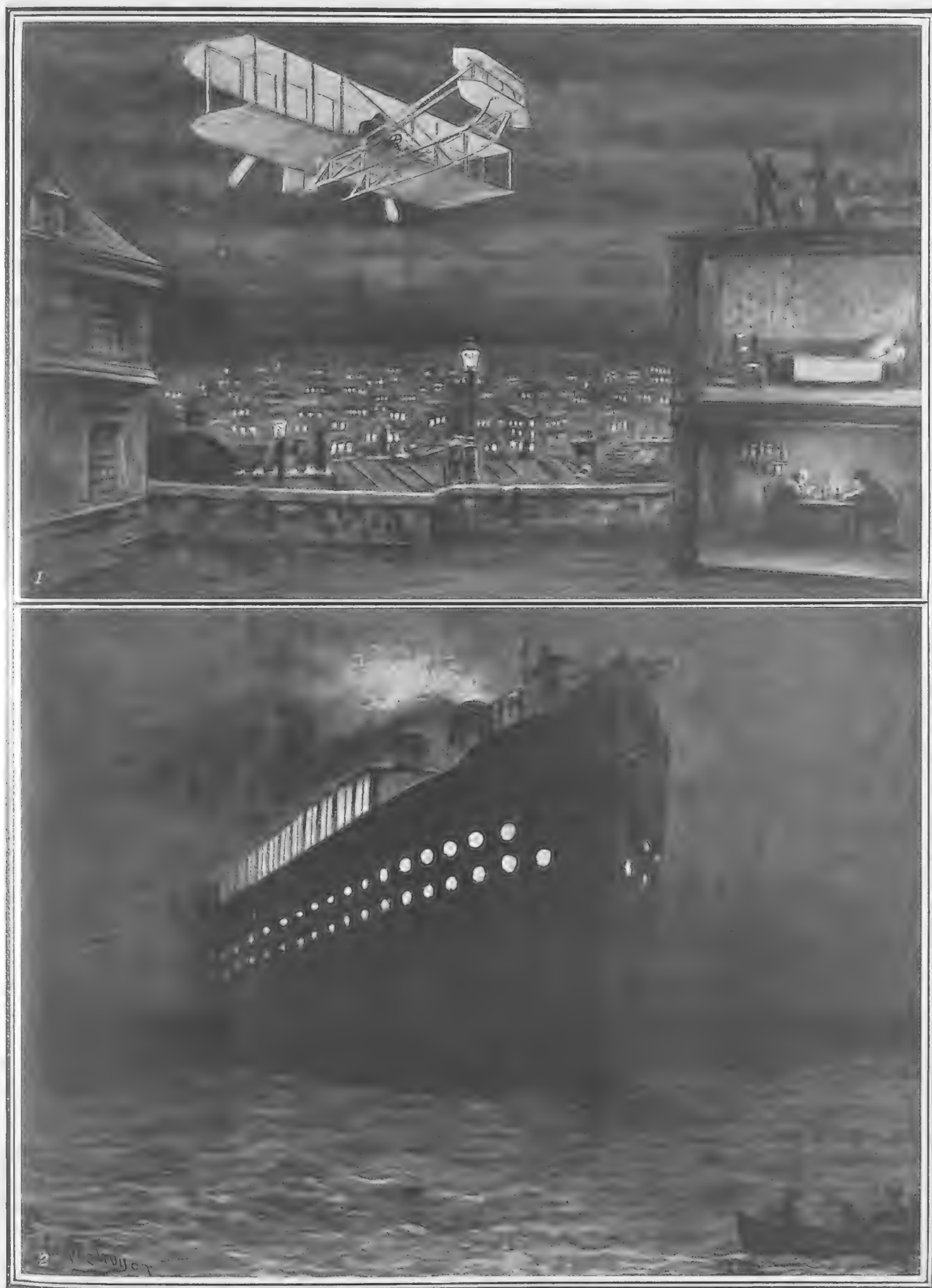


The Aeroplane.
AN AEROPLANE ON THE STAGE: HOW THE FLYING-MACHINE IS BROUGHT TO THE RESCUE OF THE HEROINE.

As we note on another page in this issue, the aeroplane comes from the back of the stage to the front, that by its aid the heroine of "Les Aventures de Gavroche" may be rescued from a house-top. Obviously, the aeroplane cannot fly, although, save in size, it is an exact copy of the Wilbur Wright machine. The engineer who has devised the sensation runs a "chariot," from which the aeroplane is suspended, along a grooved framework that suggests, in shape, a tennis-racquet, and so enables the flying

A WRIGHT AEROPLANE AND AN ATLANTIC LINER ON THE STAGE.

REMARKABLE DEVICES IN "LES AVENTURES DE GAVROCHE," AT THE CHÂTELET, PARIS.



1. A WRIGHT AEROPLANE COMES TO THE RESCUE OF THE HEROINE.

2. THE "AMAZON" PURSUING A SMALL BOAT IMMEDIATELY BEFORE SHE BLOWS UP AND SINKS.

"Les Aventures de Gavroche," at the Châtelet, provides at least two sensational stage effects. The chief of these is a rescue by a Wright aeroplane, which swoops down from the back of the stage to a house near the footlights, halts there to pick up the heroine of the play, and flies back again. The wreck of the "Amazon" is, of course, less of a novelty, for there have been many excellent wrecks on the stages of this country. Yet it is an admirable piece of stage-management, and the advance and the sinking of the vessel are particularly effective. On the opposite page are diagrams showing how the illusions are created.

Drawings by E. Clair Guyot.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THAT the language of the North is not always understood of the people of the South, as the language of the South is frequently a puzzle to those of the North, is a well known fact, though it has not often been demonstrated as amusingly as in the case of Miss Lilius Waldegrave, who has been engaged to

play Maggie Brown, in the first tour of "An Englishman's Home," which starts at Birmingham on March 8. Miss Waldegrave was playing the governess in "The Mollusc" with Miss Annie Hughes, and during the course of the tour they reached Blackpool. The actress went to the Winter Gardens, where the performances were to be given, but not finding the theatre readily, she turned to two old women who were standing by and asked them where Miss Annie Hughes was playing. A vague expression crept into their faces, and as they were unable to give any satisfactory reply, Miss Walde-

grave determined to put the question from another point of view. She therefore said: "Can you tell me where 'The Mollusc' is being played?" At once the expression in the faces of the two old women changed. The vagueness disappeared

and containing the carefully prepared suit he was to wear. On his way to the theatre, however, he inadvertently left the parcel in a tram. He only discovered his loss, which, under the circumstances, was a really critical one, in time to take a cab and hurry to the terminus in the hope of seeing the car arrive. In this he was successful. The officials, however, refused to give up the parcel until Mr. Charrington had described its contents and they had confirmed the truth of his statements by opening the package and seeing that the articles tallied with the description given of them. Naturally, the preliminary negotiations caused the inevitable crowd to gather, which gazed with interest at what was going on. Mr. Charrington duly itemised the contents of the parcel, and then, in the presence of the curious crowd, the string was undone, the brown paper opened, and the ragged garments were solemnly exposed to view. Their identity established beyond all question or quibble, they were handed over to the claimant. Mr. Charrington had said nothing about their being stage properties, and the onlookers were considerably mystified at seeing a respectable gentleman lay anxious claim to a pair of unspeakable trousers and a still more unspeakable coat.

TAKER OF THE "PELICAN'S" CAKE: MISS MABEL RUSSELL, OF THE ADELPHI PANTOMIME.

Miss Mabel Russell, of America, one of the pretty "Ugly Sisters" of the Adelphi pantomime, has just taken our lively contemporary, the "Pelican's" cake for beauty, and is, of course, very proud of the fact.

Photograph by Bassano.

grave determined to put the question from another point of view. She therefore said: "Can you tell me where 'The Mollusc' is being played?" At once the expression in the faces of the two old women changed. The vagueness disappeared

The incident recorded on this page a couple of weeks ago of Miss Clare Greet when acting in Mr. Charles McEvoy's one-act play, "Gentlemen of the Road," is not the only amusing one for which the work has been responsible. Another occurred which, although acted before a smaller audience, and one which had not paid for the privilege of being present, was in its way more humorously tragic or tragically humorous. Its hero was Mr. Charles Charrington, who was playing the part of a broken-down actor turned tramp, who, it will be remembered, was one of those inextricably mixed up in the débris of the improvised motor-car, whose wreck caused so unexpected an end to the play. Rags, while apparently the easiest costume to get, are in reality among the most difficult to obtain for stage purposes. They have invariably to be sought far and wide, and subjected to an elaborate disinfecting process, or else to be made with infinite trouble and no little patience and skill. Mr. Charrington had to resort to the latter expedient, and achieved something like a triumph of realism by dragging the necessary garments up and down a muddy road in the still hours of the night. At length, the day of the dress rehearsal came, and he left home with a brown-paper parcel



MR. CYRIL MAUDE'S DAUGHTER (AS AMATEUR ACTRESS: MISS MARGERY MAUDE AS COLUMBINE (AND MR. LANG AS HARLEQUIN) IN "THE ORANGE TREE," AT THE COURT.

Miss Maude made a very successful appearance at the entertainment given in aid of the All Saints' Mission in Pentonville. "The Orange Tree" is by Mrs. Adrian Hope.

kill you, for instance—" Mr. Curtis did not wait to hear what would happen or what Mr. Irving thought would happen, for he hurried off and did not stop until he reached the main road.

LA PANTHÈRE, THE APACHE, IN PRIVATE LIFE: MISS BEATRICE COLLIER.

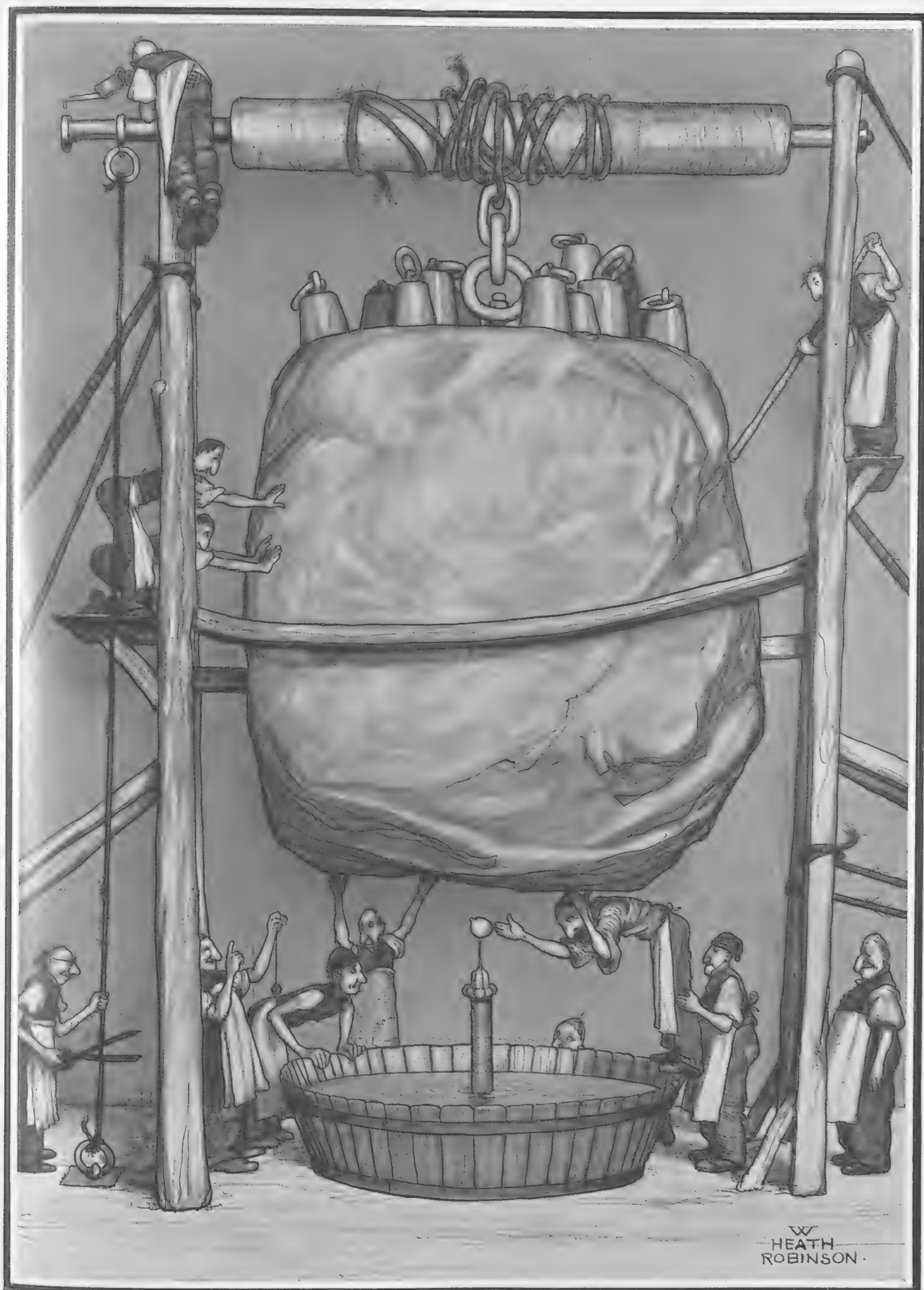
The Apache dance, as given by Miss Beatrice Collier and Mr. Fred Farren, is perhaps the most novel item of that excellent Empire ballet "A Day in Paris," and with it Miss Collier has made her name.

Photograph by Ellis and Watery.

That Mr. H. B. Irving is attracted towards the study of crime is a fact with which most playgoers are familiar, for most of his published works deal with that subject. On one occasion the following of this predilection terminated in a humorous incident. Mr. Irving was out walking with Mr. Arthur Curtis—one of the younger actors in his company, who has made so favourable an impression as Joliquet in "The Lyons Mail"—and the conversation, not unnaturally, turned on criminology. Mr. Irving began discoursing on the detection of crime just as they reached a lonely spot far away from any human habitation, and at some remote distance from the high-road. Noticing the surroundings, Mr. Irving began to point out to his companion how favourable the place was for committing a murder—the ease with which the crime could be executed and the murderer could escape, as well as the certainty with which he could baffle his pursuers, should there be any, which, owing to the solitude of the place, was highly improbable, so that there was hardly a possible chance of detection. He went on in this strain for about five minutes, when suddenly he stopped short and, turning to Mr. Curtis said, "If I were to

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(SECOND SERIES.)



III.—IN THE PRESSING-ROOMS OF A LEMONADE DISTILLERY.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

A NOVEL by Mr. H. G. Wells is a boon to the intelligent reviewer. Of ordinary novels, all he can say is that the story is exciting or commonplace, that such a character is true to life and such another incredible, that the style is good or isn't. A dull business, and the worst of it is that the review can only run to a very short length, unless the reviewer, excusably unscrupulous, gives a long account of the plot. Even a novel by such a master as Mr. Henry James does not give the reviewer any great scope. He may have enjoyed himself immensely in reading it (though it is to be observed, from a business point of view, that the process takes a pretty long time), but when he comes to writing he finds that the points of greatest interest in it are points of subtle psychology which the average editor will not allow him to discuss at length. With Mr. H. G. Wells it is different. Some of his points are subtle, to be sure, but he raises as well all sorts of problems, good, broad, seizable problems, which must interest most intelligent readers. And so the intelligent reviewer is happy.

I speak of Mr. Wells's novels. His direct treatises on sociology, of course, raise many problems, but so do other such works. It is in his novels that he is especially distinguished by giving one solid food for thought about various social interactions and tendencies. "Kipps" was full of such matter, and so was "Love and Mr. Lewisham." His latest novel, "Tono-Bungay" (Macmillan), is crammed with it. I do not propose to review it, but to write round about a few of these questions, which suggest a few insignificant reflections of my own.

The book begins in the atmosphere of a country house, Bladesover, as it was felt by the hero, George Ponderevo, in the housekeeper's room, the housekeeper being his mother. Bladesover, says Mr. Wells, represents the system which governed all England in everything two centuries ago, and still flourishes more or less in certain country districts, though the vitality is gone from it. (I give his sense in my own words, because I hate turning over a book for quotations while I write.) It is the system Dickens satirised bitterly in his—

God bless the Squire and his relations,
Teach us to keep our proper stations.

If Mr. Wells is less bitter, it is only because the system is less powerful now; evidently he dislikes and despises it. Yet, system for system, I think there is much to be said for

it as compared with the welter of financiers and social climbing and devil-take-the-hindmost which has succeeded it. A good deal of sane and happy human life, in all classes, went on under it. And I think it is stronger still than Mr. Wells supposes, though he allows that it is only recently its bonds have slackened. When the old families are still rich—and some of our Dukes, for example, still have a few half-crowns left—Bladesover is extremely strong and in sound working order; and some of the new people manage to run their Bladesovers with marked success.

I pass to the extraordinarily interesting account of Ponderevo's marriage. A pitiful affair: the young man, driven blindly by nature towards women, marries an utterly unsuitable wife, stupid, narrow, mentally and temperamentally lacking. It is horribly typical in a way, and yet, I hope, not quite so typical as perhaps Mr. Wells thinks. His hero was an exceptionally imaginative and wonderfully eager young man, and therefore needed an exceptional mate; a commoner man would have been happier with the common young woman. Then, since the time the book deals with—short though the interval may be—young women of the lower middle class have surely gained in breadth of outlook, independence, and consequently in character, and George Ponderevo now would have better luck. It is a pitiful affair, and too pitifully typical all the same, and it is here that Mr. Wells is at his subtlest and most careful: the state of mind and nerves in the young man, attracted by the woman in the girl and repelled by her limitations, is wonderfully well set forth.

I am near the end of my column and cannot mention half the things which occur to me. There is the "business" part of the book, the story of the bankrupt little chemist who made a large fortune by the sale of a patent medicine which was either worthless or actually noxious. That is only too typical of many a fortune made by advertisement and push, in many ways beside patent medicines, and in a really civilised community would be impossible—will even be impossible in ours, I hope, some day or other. There are other points, but I have only space to say, for a "lastly," that Mr. Wells has once more triumphantly upset—if it needed upsetting—the dogma of critics that a novelist must not philosophise about his characters. That silly dogma must surely be dead by now. N. O. I.



FOOTBALLERS WHO WERE MURDEROUSLY ATTACKED IN THE BELIEF THAT THEY WERE KIDNAPPERS: A GROUP OF PLAYERS AT BANNU.

Several of these players were assaulted when in Calcutta by a crowd who believed them to be a party of Afghans come to steal children. A description of a game in which they took part makes excellent reading. We give an extract: "We are in a large grassy sward between Bannu city and the cantonments. . . . The referee, an English officer, has blown his whistle, and the youthful champions come out. . . . The Bannu team are somewhat smaller in stature, and are wearing the school colours—pink 'shorts' and light-blue shirts. The Peshawur team are heavier in build, and are wearing their blue-and-black uniform."

Reproduced from Dr. T. L. Pennell's book, "Among the Wild Tribes of the Afghan Frontier," by courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Seeley and Co. (See Review on Another Page.)



THE SCENE OF THE MURDEROUS ASSAULT ON FOOTBALLERS: A MODERN BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA.

"During a visit of the Bannu football team to Calcutta, several of the players were murderously attacked by a crowd excited by the report that a company of Afghans had come to steal away their children. Five of the boys were left for dead in this alley, down which their blood ran into the gutter."

Reproduced from Dr. T. L. Pennell's book, "Among the Wild Tribes of the Afghan Frontier," by courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Seeley and Co.

THE MAN WHO SCORED.



THE TOILER IN THE VINEYARD: Oh, my friend, my friend, have you counted well the cost of these hours of debauchery?
 "MY FRIEND": Not jus' lately I haven't, old sport, but you'll find it all chalked up behind the door.

DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERGE.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE CALL OF MEMORY.

By J. SACKVILLE MARTIN.

THE sun shone on the surface of the road. A shower had laid the dust and washed the hedges, and the air was sweet with the scent of May. Down the little village street a man passed slowly, walking as though absorbed in thought; a man of no more than twenty-nine years of age, whose hair was yet a silver-white and whose face was stamped with the lines of some bygone sorrow. The thrushes sang their merriest songs in the branches, and from the woods beyond came the clear call of a cuckoo. But neither the beauty of the morning nor the songs of the birds sufficed to rouse John Lyall from his sad absorption. He passed slowly down the hill, looking neither to the right nor the left.

From a corner of the Vicarage garden, where a gap in the thicket of laurel and rhododendron gave a glimpse of the road, a girl stood and watched him as he passed: a girl with masses of dusky hair and dark eyes that wore an expression habitually thoughtful even when they lit up with mirth. She raised her hand to call the attention of her father, an elderly and benign-looking man who stood not far off in the garden, admiring the blossoms of a laburnum. Attracted by her gesture, he came to the wall.

"See, father," she cried, pointing down the road, "there is the clergyman I told you of yesterday. You wouldn't believe me. Confess now that you were wrong."

"Ah, yes, my dear," said the Reverend Mr. Hawes seriously, "I confess at once. Last night I heard all about him. He is staying with the Lamberts. He is a missionary and has been in China."

"He looks young, and yet his hair is white," she said thoughtfully.

"His is a sad story—a terrible story," answered her father gently. "Mr. Lambert told it to me last night. He went out there four years ago, taking with him his young wife. They seem to have been very much attached to each other. They were given charge of a small station in the interior—somewhere upon the Yang-tse River, I believe. He was doing good work there. He had a school and a hospital. Then disturbances came. Printed lies were circulated among the natives, their passions were excited, and the nearest mandarin was too far off to render any help. They burnt his school. For a time he defended himself in his house until that, too, was burnt. He was struck on the head, rendered unconscious and cast into the river. His life was saved by a few faithful members of his flock. He was taken down the river in a junk and sent home to Europe to recover."

"And his wife?" asked the girl, with parted lips.

"That is the saddest part of his story," answered her father gravely. "He was forced to shoot her with his own hands, to prevent her from falling into their power."

The beauty of the morning darkened before the girl's eyes. She stood silent, a shadow of pain upon her forehead.

"Poor man!" she said with a sigh, "it must be terrible for him to think of."

"Mercifully, he does not think of it," replied her father. "The blow he received seems to have affected his mind. He has no memory of it. He does not even know that he has been in China. At times he even talks of going there."

Edith Hawes passed into the house, filled with pity for the man whose story she had heard. His face, with its lines of suffering, haunted her. She was by nature and by training deeply religious, and in her eyes the man who had suffered so much for his faith's sake became invested with the halo of the martyr. She pitied him from the bottom of her heart; and it needed only time and opportunity that that pity should ripen into love.

Two days later she met him at a garden party at the Lamberts',

Mrs. Lambert introduced them casually and bustled off to attend to other guests. So the threads of their fate were interwoven. She stood looking at him with pitying interest; he at her with an arrested attention that had in its intensity something that was almost painful.

"You go to China shortly, I believe?" she stammered in the effort to make conversation.

"Very soon," he answered quietly, "My work will lie there. It is, I hear, a most interesting country."

She was startled as she realised his lack of recollection. True, her father had told her of it; but to gather it from the man's own lips gave her a shock. It seemed to her that he must have spoken in much the same way four years ago, when first he went out.

"You are interested in the work?" she asked after a pause.

"Very much," he answered. "It has been my life's aim."

That was all that passed between them. There seemed no more to say, and she moved away. He stood looking after her.

"She is very beautiful," he mused—"strangely beautiful. She is like someone. I wonder—" He broke off and passed his hand across his forehead with a gesture of pain.

Edith, too, was thoughtful.

"This is the man who is to be my husband," she kept saying to herself. "That is the man who is to be my husband."

There was only a vague wonder within her at the knowledge; no doubt at all.

When at length the marriage was arranged, it was not without considerable opposition on the part of the Vicar. Greatly as he admired the missionary's character, he looked upon his loss of memory as a mental weakness, and could not consider him a desirable husband for his daughter. Moreover, Mr. Lyall was fully determined to go to China; and Edith not only accepted his determination, but even sustained him in it. In the end her quiet persistence won its way, and her father gave in at last and resigned himself to the loss of her. On the day of the wedding he himself performed the ceremony, saw the newly married pair drive away, and then shut himself in his study to pore over books he could hardly see for the tears that gathered in his eyes.

Edith was quietly happy. She had learned from her husband something of his missionary zeal, and looked beyond the happiness of the early months of marriage to the work they were to accomplish together. Not until they had started on their voyage to the East did she begin to realise the mere pleasures of living. Then the world in its mystery and beauty took hold of her. She saw it unroll before her as a map. The hot sands of Port Said, the long blue levels of the Indian Ocean, the vivid green of Singapore, became all constituent parts of one glorious whole. The evenings spent under awnings in calm seas, listening to the throbbing of the screw, were so many hours of placid happiness, hours to be stored in the mind as precious memories. It was with a half-sigh of regret that she reached Shanghai at last, and, putting aside those memories, faced the future that lay before her.

Here she learnt to give up her European dress and to wear the straight, ungraceful garb of the Chinese woman. She worked hard at the language, and spoke long with men and women who knew the interior. A month was spent in preparation; then her husband received his orders. He accepted them without comment. They left together on one of the big, shallow-draught river steamers with white sides and high decks, and a stand of muskets in the wheel-house. At Hankow, six hundred miles up the muddy river, they changed to a smaller steamer, which took them another three hundred miles to Ichang. From this onward, they travelled in

(Continued overleaf.)

TWO MARTYR SAUCE!

(MANY APOLOGIES.)



FIRST MARTYR (to Second Ditto): Well, old chap, there's one consolation—there won't be any after-dinner speeches.

DRAWN BY HEBBLETHWAITE.

junks, passing upward through the gorges of the Yang-tse, where the river, pent within mountain walls, rushes swiftly down in a series of mighty rapids; where their boat was dragged by main strength of coolie labour against the current, through reaches each more savage and desolate than the last.

It was here that Edith began to notice something of a change in her husband—a suppressed excitement, a curious mental exaltation that showed itself at times in words and gestures that almost frightened her. One evening, as they sat in the stern of their junk, anchored for the night, he swept his arm towards the mountains.

"These are the gates of a strange land," he said solemnly—"a land peopled by devils. All the false gods of the world who have fled before our faith have come here to dwell together. And power is here given unto them over the souls of men. To them the whole land is utterly given over. And we too," he added with sombre deliberation, "we too are delivered into their hands."

"John!" she cried, startled and distressed.

He started, and when she questioned further, did not seem to know that he had spoken.

At length they passed the gorges, and two days later came to the village that was to be their home. They parted from their European companions, who were going higher, to Chungking, and took up their quarters in the house provided for them. It stood in a compound on the extreme edge of the village, a cluster of red-roofed houses separated by narrow, insanitary streets, crowded upon the black mud of the shore. Here they began their work. The missionary who had preceded them had left some weeks before, his health having broken down, and there was much to be done. The dispensary was thrown open, and Lyall busied himself in reaching the souls of his charges through their bodies. Edith did what she could with the women and children. But the work was slow.

The sense of isolation weighed her down. She felt that she could not have supported it save for a new hope that she began to whisper to herself—a hope delicious, but as yet too uncertain to be spoken aloud even to her husband. About him she began to be greatly troubled. Whilst at work, he was quietly happy. But at other times he would stare about the rooms with a pained expression, as though the lost memory were struggling against the bars of its prison, striving to return and to take up its proper abode. One evening she found him tapping at the wall. When questioned, he muttered something about setting the barometer. But there was no barometer there; and from that moment she formed the incredible suspicion that he was not living with her, but in a past wherein she had no part—in which she but served to remind him of one who had been his wife, but who was now with the dead.

The thought pierced her keenly, but she fought against it, hoping for better times with the birth of her child. Surely that would re-knit the bond of affection that had bound them together. Yet every day his fits of abstraction became longer, his manner more strange. He spent hours cleaning and polishing his revolver. He merely shook his head when she asked him the reason. Day by day she became more and more filled with the conviction that the story of her life was to end in tragedy. But she was no fatalist, and she fought hard against the feeling. She told herself that she had so much to live for. She determined to live. She resolved that when the next junk called, she would send a message to Chungking asking for relief and for leave of absence for her husband.

One night she awoke from the sleeping-mattress that served her for a bed to find him absent from her side. She sat up and looked about her. Beyond the window the night was calm and the moonlight streamed upon the floor, lighting the further room through the open door. In that room, their living-room, she could see the figure of her husband going to and fro with stealthy footsteps, peering through the chinks in the shuttered windows and drawing back again with nervous haste. In quick alarm she rose and went to him. At her touch he turned and gripped her wrist fast, his eyes alight with insanity.

"They are coming! They are coming!" he whispered. "I hear them whispering all about. They will be upon us soon."

"Dearest," she cried anxiously, "there is nothing—no one. The night is calm. There isn't a sound."

"Listen!" he said sharply, releasing her wrist and lifting up his hand. In the silence that followed she strained her ears to hear what he spoke of, but in vain. Not even the gentlest murmur of the wind broke the peace of the night. But his face was distorted with terror. He cast his eyes upward and shrieked aloud.

"The smoke! The smoke!" he cried. "Look at it curling up there. They have fired the house. They are devils—cruel devils with yellow faces! Lucy, we must part. You must not fall into their hands alive."

She felt a pang at his words. She had never heard the name of his first wife before. But she had little time to think. A revolver gleamed in his hand, and he forced her upon her knees.

"John! John dear!" she cried in utter terror. "There is nothing! All is quiet!"

The sharp sound of the shot shattered the silence. She pitched forward without a groan. She lay very still, a little trickle of blood gathering in a pool upon the floor. Outside in the night the unhappy man raced madly along, firing at imaginary foes, shouting and clutching at the air. The wheel had come full circle. He had passed back through years of forgetfulness to the point where memory had been lost.

THE END.



THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

HIS FRIEND: Young Solly tells me you've had a row with him.

MR. ISAACS: Yes, the boy has started backing horses.

HIS FRIEND: Well, why don't yer give him a leathering?

MR. ISAACS: Ah, he's been winning the last few days. But (grimly) wait till he loses.

WORLD'S WHISPERS

LORD CROMER, who was born a diplomat sixty-eight years ago on Feb. 26, became engaged to his present wife, a sister of the Marquess of Bath, during a well-earned holiday in England in 1901. His first marriage took place when he was twenty-five, and he had been a widower three years when he married his second wife, who is twenty years his junior. Lord Cromer is well content with his new-found life in England, even if here his views on education and the like are open to such criticism as was unheard of under the Pyramids. There the Baring-rein was put upon the fellaheen; here only horses will wear it—and sometimes Viscount Errington and his brothers, Lord Cromer's sons.

The Kaiser's Waterfinder.

Whatever else his critics may say about him, they agree that the Kaiser is

not usually credulous. Hence some little surprise may have been experienced that he should have paid so much attention to Herr von

Uslar's water-finding, and, through the Colonial Secretary, have practically given the imperial blessing on the divining-rod. After all, there is no reason why his Imperial Majesty should not be optimistic in the matter. Possibly he is familiar with the investi-



WELL KNOWN AND POPULAR IN SPORTING SOCIETY: MRS. FRANK BELLVILLE.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

gations which have been carried out in England by a gentleman of German extraction—Professor Wertheimer, the distinguished Principal of the Merchant Venturers' School at Bristol. He went very thoroughly into the whole matter, after the *Times* correspondence columns had for a whole winter teemed with letters for and against the "dowsers," and his experiences were decidedly interesting.

The Men of Mystery.

He invited all the professional water-finders of the country to submit their powers to test. Many responded, but others refused except upon impossible terms—namely, that at any point which they should pick upon, a well should forthwith be sunk: a highly costly enterprise, where a man, not finding the promised water, might simply say, "You have not dug deep enough: dig on till you do." Some results seemed to favour the prophecies of the dowsers, though in one case it was pointed out that, where water was found in an unlikely spot, there



A DUTCH PRIMA-DONNA AT WORK IN HER KITCHEN: PEASANTS AS CONCERT-SINGERS.

The peasants of Wognum, in North Holland, are decidedly musical, and some of their number have banded together and formed a choir. This choir, to which both men and women belong, has recently been in Berlin, and a number of its members thus visited a big city for the first time in their lives. The peasants do not allow their success as artists to spoil them, and till their ground and look after their houses as does every other peasant.



THE VIOLINIST WHO CALLED THE QUEEN "TANTE KÖNIGIN": FRANZ VON VECSEY.

The "*Borsen Courier*" states that while she was in Berlin the Queen asked the young Hungarian violinist, Franz von Vecsey, to visit her, and told him that she was most pleased with the letter that he sent to her the other day on Richard Strauss. According to report, her Majesty told him also that, although he was a young man who would soon be wearing a moustache, she proposed to continue calling him "du," as he once used to write to her as "Aunt Queen" ("Tante Königin").

Photograph by Histed.

had been three days of heavy and incessant rain immediately preceding the test. When all was said and done, the worthy Professor came to the conclusion that the motions of the dowser's rod and the sensation which the operator experiences are not due to any cause outside himself. The experiments did not answer the questions as to whether dowsers have or have not the power to find water, but the evidence was against them. They did show, however, that when on the hunt, experienced dowsers do not indicate the same place, and that the movements of their rods were in several instances purely subjective.

A Dinner Invitation.

Tariff Reformers are very keen to keep Mr. Chamberlain to the fore, and

for this reason there is no talk of his resigning his seat in Parliament, although his doctors hold out no hope of his being able to occupy it again. His letters and telegrams are his only safe truck with a world that is far too exciting to the actual combatants in the arena, if those combatants really care; now nobody has ever accused Mr. Chamberlain of not caring. Mr. Balfour so far entered into the spirit of the situation as to send Mr. Chamberlain an invitation to his dinner on the eve of the opening of Parliament; and the card puts its receiver into better spirits whenever his eye lights on it in his pleasant room on the Riviera.



TO MAKE A LITTLE TOUR IN MEXICO: LADY JULIET DUFF.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

Given in Marriage, not Lent.

Lent has no terrors for Lord Douro and Miss Coats, and they are to be married on the 23rd of March. But the oncoming of Lent, for the majority, works matrimonial magic, and this month has been busy with the weddings of those for whom the forty days spell interdiction. The royal example is not followed in the matter of Lenten marriage, and the couples of March will, like certain illustrious personages, be in a very small minority. It is not generally remembered by the forlorn grooms who are kept waiting for their brides till after Easter that the Sundays of Lent are not counted among the forty thieves of hymeneal rejoicing. Why not be married o' Sundays?



M. SIBELIUS directed the Queen's Hall Symphony Orchestra with skill and judgment last week, and may have made new friends for his tone-poem, "En Saga," of which the more delicate effects have probably never been heard to greater advantage in this country. Frankly, the music of M. Sibelius has no more than a limited appeal, for, although his training is modern and he has a well-defined sense of form, his idiom is not ours. The forces and emotions to which he strives to give expression have no very deep significance for us, but in his own land they are said to go far to assure the success of his music. Writers of purely abstract work can find an audience all the world over, but where music is intended to voice national aspirations, it is at least unlikely that those who know very little about such aspirations will be able to do it justice.

At the Albert Hall last week Mme. Carreño and Signor Tamini were associated with the London Symphony Orchestra, and the hall proved incapable of accommodating all the gathering that flocked to its many doors. The great pianist justified herself and delighted her countless admirers, although some of us would not, perhaps, have grumbled if she had found something more interesting than the Schubert-Tausig "Marche Militaire." Happily, Mme. Carreño adorns everything she touches, and under her hands the work seemed less offensive than usual. Frankly, we are unable to fathom the inwardness of the great movement to set Signor Tamini upon a pedestal. He is a good singer, and at times an interesting one, but it would be hard to associate superlatives with his work. While the Albert Hall is not by any means the ideal platform for a singer, it is still possible for a very distinguished artist to make his mark there; but Signor Tamini, whose voice suggests to the writer that it was once a baritone, sang some music from "Otello" and "Rigoletto" in fashion that was merely praiseworthy, and was not always in tune. It is fair to add that the audience took the singer's efforts very seriously indeed, and demanded a number of encores. One would like to hear Signor Tamini in a concert-hall of normal size or in an opera-house before coming to a definite conclusion about his gifts or limitations; but candour compels the statement that the latter do not give much difficulty in the finding.

Mr. Alexander McLean, who directed the first performance of his oratorio, "The Annunciation," at the concert of the London Symphony Orchestra last week, is a gifted writer whose strength seems to lie in dramatic music. Curiously enough, although his work can hardly fail to interest those who respond to sincerity of thought and a marked capacity for expression, the music

seemed to have little or nothing to do with the book. It is full of strong and often ill-controlled emotion, exceedingly modern, not to say bizarre, in handling, sufficiently defiant of the grammar of composition to shock the conservative and the purist, and yet, whatever its shortcomings, so straight from the heart as well as the head that it is bound to make many friends. Modern German influence is expressed in the comparative disregard for the comfort of the soloists, who must have experienced many an anxious moment, but they gave him very loyal support last week; and the chorus of the Sheffield Musical Union worked with amazing vigour and a fidelity to pitch that was remarkable. Clearly Mr. McLean's gift is not an ordinary one, but one cannot help feeling that he would do well to leave oratorio alone and remain faithful to the stage. It will be remembered that he has already placed one or two successful short operas to his credit.

The fact that music is playing a part of ever-increasing importance in our national life is due to many causes; but, as far as London and environs are concerned, a great debt of gratitude is due to the work of the Sunday League, so ably organised by Mr. Henry Mills. Many Londoners will perhaps be surprised to hear that the Sunday League is now responsible for high-class weekly concerts at some twenty centres; and, though the imitation that is said to be the sincerest form of flattery is manifesting itself in several quarters, the organisation of the League is so complete, it can offer so wide a range of activity to supporters, that its position is quite unassailable. London has taken more than fifty years to respond, as far as it has responded; to the efforts of a Society that has striven, despite much misrepresentation, to brighten the lives of those who labour for the right to live from Monday morning till Saturday night.

A new pianist who at her début attacks Beethoven's C minor Concerto with masterly technique and expression, and then improves upon the enthusiasm her first number has aroused by an even finer interpretation of Schumann's Concerto in A minor, may be expected to go far in her profession. This excellent beginning was made by Miss Jenny Meid at the St. James's Hall on Feb. 17, when her performance proved that she has both method and individuality. It seems on a first hearing that Miss Meid is at her best in intellectual music, but she does not lack emotion, and the fine breadth of her Beethoven and Schumann numbers was never the outcome of the mere cold triumph of the intelligence. She has knowledge, style, and individuality, and these three should carry her far on her career.

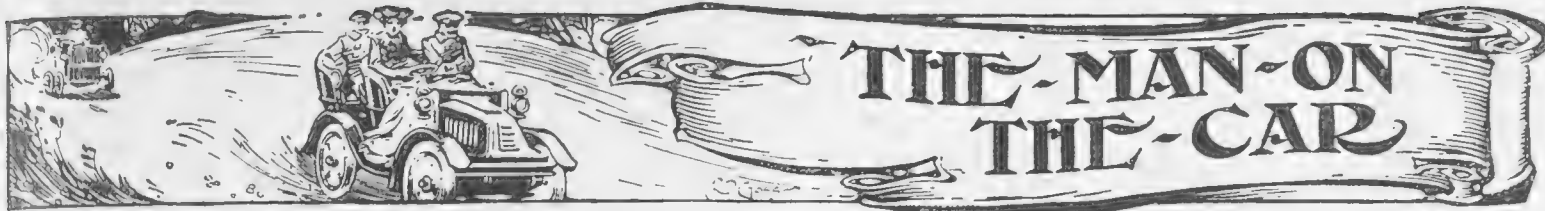
COMMON CHORD.



A GREAT PIANIST AT PLAY: THE NEW "IMPERIAL AND ROYAL PROFESSOR."

LEOPOLD GODOWSKY—SOME UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS.

Leopold Godowsky, the famous pianist, was heard at the fifth concert of the Philharmonic Society's ninety-seventh season last week, and played Chopin's Concerto in F minor, and Brahms's Capriccio (Op. 76 No. 2), and Paganini Variations. Godowsky was born at Wilna in 1870, and has been Director of the Chicago Conservatoire. He has just been appointed Director of the Klavier-Meisterschule of the Vienna Imperial and Royal Academy of Musical and Dramatic Art.—[Photograph by T. van der Rijk.]



SERVICE MEN EXAMINED FOR R.A.C. DRIVING CERTIFICATES—TAIL-LAMPS: FIVE SHILLINGS FOR THE CARMAN, FIVE POUNDS FOR THE MOTORIST—MORGAN'S ADMIRABLE ADLER—THE OBVIOUS DUTY OF TEACHERS AND PARENTS—A CURE FOR COLD DRIVING-HANDS.

IN no situations are men of good character and responsibility more urgently required than in those of the paid drivers of motor-cars, particularly when the owners of such cars are unable, either from lack of time, inclination, or ability, to give them personal attention or oversight. Now it will, I am sure, be admitted that there is no more respectable or reliable body of men than the Corps of Commissionaires, the members of which are all ex-Service men; and, taking a line through the reputation enjoyed by the members of this association, it is satisfactory to learn that, by the exertions of certain Army and Navy officers and those of the Royal Automobile Club, numbers of time-expired men from both Services are qualifying for the positions of paid drivers of motor-cars by passing the searching examinations required for the obtainal of the Royal Automobile Club's driving certificates.

On Tuesday, the 16th inst., the Club examiners journeyed to Portsmouth, where a number of ex-Service men were examined; and on Saturday last the attendance of these same examiners was required at the Ordnance College, Woolwich, to put men whose period of service in the Army has expired, or is about to expire, through their facings in the matter of these certificates. It is imperative that these men who have been trained to serve their country, and who have given up a good and valuable slice of their lives to acquire that urgent knowledge, should be equipped with some means of earning their livelihood upon re-entering civil life. The fact of their competency to undertake the conduct and care of motor vehicles is assured by their passing the very stringent examination required for the obtainal of these certificates. In all but a few isolated cases passed men have proved such excellent servants that there is always a demand for their services.

It is very like beating the wind and thrashing the whirlwind to contrast punishment inflicted upon wrong-doers driving horses, and those unfortunate enough to err when seated at the steering-wheel of a motor-car. One only has to compare the heavy fines inflicted all over the country for the accidental and unsuspected extinction of a tail-lamp (which is not enjoined for the protection of the public) with the decision in a case heard recently before the Basingstoke Divisional Petty Sessions, in which a man was charged with having no red tail-light attached to a vehicle upon which scaffold-poles projected rearward more than six feet. Non-compliance with the law in this case had resulted in serious injuries to a cycling postman. As the magistrates were unanimous that it was "only an oversight," a fine of 5s. only, with 13s. costs, was inflicted. The motorist is left

thinking what such an oversight would have cost him! When are we going to get a little equality in these matters?

Germany, as a leading motor journal points out, "first in the field of automobilism," by reason of the citizenship of Gottlieb Daimler, sends us one car at least which has claims to rank with the best cars upon this or any other market. Of course, the majestic Mercedes must be taken as read, but the reference in this case is to the 10-h.p. Adler, which, with its wonderfully efficient, albeit small, engine, the four cylinders of which are only 75 mm. by 88 mm., is winning golden favours wherever it goes. A short trial trip is quite sufficient to demonstrate the wonderful efficiency and flexibility of this little motor, the sweetness of the Adler clutch, and the peace of the gears. Traffic of the slowest can be negotiated upon the top speed, the car obeying the movement of the throttle like a human thing. Its climbing qualities are remarkable, for I see that, with three up, it negotiated White Hill up to Caterham, a terribly steep, rough ascent, in quite a remarkable manner, stopping and restarting on the steepest part. Such a feat but endorses the performances of its bigger brothers in the Club trial, and Messrs. Morgan and Co., Limited, of 10, Old Broad Street, and 127, Long Acre, are to be congratulated upon having such good money's worth to offer their large and fashionable clientèle.



NEARER HEAVEN THAN THE PEDESTRIAN WOULD THINK POSSIBLE: A MOTORIST (USING HIS CAR AS A LIFT) ON THE TENTH-STOREY LEVEL OF A BUILDING.

Every motorist must lament the terrible, but apparently unavoidable, and must sympathise profoundly with the motor-driver and the owner of the car, as well as with the bereaved parents. Surely instructions should be given to school-teachers throughout the country to warn the little children under their charge against the awful risks they take in running across the roads before approaching vehicles of any kind.

We are not at the end of the cold weather, so that a little advice to those who drive and at the same time suffer agonies from cold hands may not be out of place. Even the best screens, even Morgan's Protector, will not keep the blood circulating in hands which must be ever upon the steering-wheel. To such as suffer in this way I would strongly urge a trial of mit gauntleted gloves—that is, fingerless gloves, such as one sees upon the podgy baby fist, but made, of course, in good leather and lined with lambs-wool. The awkwardness

of these gloves soon wears off, and as to-day, when once away, no delicate manipulations are necessary to the conduct of the modern motor-car, the confinement of the fingers is not a drawback. I have never known these mit gloves fail, even with the greatest sufferers.

[Continued on a later page]



A MOTOR-CAR AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR A LIFT: AN AMERICAN BEING HAULED UP TO HIS TENTH-STOREY OFFICE ON HIS CAR.

An ingenious American, like all Americans, not being desirous of walking upstairs, wishing to use a spare room as a garage, and finding that even an American lift is not big enough to hold a motor-car, devised this method of entering his offices, using windows as a doorway. How often he has done this we do not know, but we have a shrewd suspicion that it is not likely to have been more than once.—[Photographs by Lazarus.]

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE KING'S HORSES—THE GRAND MILITARY—DOUBLES.

THE King's trainer, R. Marsh, has not so many horses in his stable as in previous years, but he has quite enough for one man to look after, the string running to forty. Of the King's horses chief interest will centre in the doings of *Princesse de Galles*. My Newmarket representative tells me she has grown into a charming filly, and the prospects of royal victories in the fillies' classics are by no means remote. A good case can be made out for her on the book, and I reckon her amongst the best of her age and sex. Last year's disappointment—*Perrier*—will, it is reported, be specially trained for the Jubilee Stakes, in which he has been weighted at 7 st. 7 lb. He will be just about four years of age at the time that race is run, and there is no doubt that his being a very late foal, coupled with the extraordinary weather we had last year, had something to do with the disappointing way in which he ran. He has improved in appearance, but it must always be borne in mind that others of his age have three or four months' start of him on the score of growth. One of the best of the Newmarket critics thinks *Slim Lad* "probably the handsomest horse in training of the real *St. Simon* type." On more than one occasion he has given proof of racing ability, and if he is better this year than in previous years, he should win one or two nice handicaps. He has shown his best form at Sandown and Leicester, and I note that he has been entered in the Spring Handicap at the latter place. Another colt to win races in the royal colours is *Minoru*.

In a few days' time, the great event of the National Hunt season, the Grand Military Meeting, takes place at Sandown. It was persistently stated last year that the soldiers would go to Newbury this year, but such is not the case. The other great event of the National Hunt season is the "movable feast," which will this year be held at Warwick; but, of the two, the Grand Military is the more attractive. Naturally, most of the events are confined to soldiers and sailors, and they are real sporting races. The majority of the riders may not be in the first flight at that particular business, but what they lack in proficiency they make up for by whole-hearted enthusiasm. I think this year we shall see more skilled riders than in average years, and many of the soldiers have been "taking lessons" in steeplechases this last week or so. Captain Paynter, who lately bought *Ards Rover*—presumably with the idea of winning the Grand National—is pretty sure to win a race or two; he has improved considerably since last year, when he won the Gold Cup on *Mount Prospect's Fortune*.

Mr. Bewicke, whose horses have been very successful this winter, will, I hope, be thoroughly well enough to ride. He had a nasty accident, that kept him out of the saddle for a few weeks, and he is wise to resume work in the flat race at Hurst Park before taking on the fences. Mr. Bewicke did not ride a winner at the meeting last year, the nearest he got to it being on *Lady Malta*, on which he was beaten by a head by Captain Hamilton-Stubbes on *Peter the Great*. Other successful soldiers last March were Mr. O'Brien Butler, Captain Pallin, Captain de Crespigny, Mr. Newton, and Captain Terrot.

I am told that there has been more betting over Lincolnshire Handicap and Grand National doubles than in any previous year. One of the consequences of this method of speculation is that the complexion of the betting on the Grand National after the other race has been decided is often entirely changed by covering money. It is the same with the Cambridgeshire after the *Cesarewitch* has been run. In the event of an entirely unexpected horse winning the first of the two events, of course the betting returns on the later races are more reliable; but should a popular victory be scored, the whole position is altered, and many animals start at half the price they would were there no covering money. I suppose the charm of the "merry little double" lies in the extreme difficulty of bringing one off. The man with the speculative bump largely developed is seldom attracted by the "foregone conclusion"; but set him a problem that teems with difficulties, and he will be in it up to his neck. With regard to doubles, it is the large prize for the small outlay that "fetches them," and should the speculator happen to succeed once, he has a topic that will last him a lifetime. The most popular double I recollect was *Black Sand* and *Ballantrae* for the *Cesarewitch* and *Cambridgeshire*. So many people backed it that more than one bookmaker had to come to an arrangement with his clients. Other backers were not so fortunate, there being a repetition of the disappearances that were such a remarkable feature of the days following the victory of *Victor Wild* in the Jubilee. Another popular double was *General Peace* and *Manifesto* for the first two big handicaps of the spring of the year that the Tsar issued his famous *Peace* manifesto. Punters are notoriously superstitious, and they took this as an "omen" of victory. There is this much to be said—the double materialised.

CAPTAIN COE.



TREADLE TO TOWN: THE NEW CYCLE-SKATE FOR THE ROAD.

With the present rage for roller-skating on rinks, it is not surprising that the skate for use on the road should be in evidence. It will be remembered that during the roller-skating boom of some twelve years or so ago a cycle-skate was put on the market. This differed, however, from the present form, inasmuch as progress was made by gliding in the fashion of the skater. The new skates are worked by treadles, much as treadle sewing-machines and such-like are operated.—[Photograph by Topical.]

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The First Decade of Woman.

At the Coliseum, at the present moment, may be seen a Queen who is Majesty itself in socks; one who sits on a pink mushroom as if it were the stone chair of England's world-empire in Westminster Abbey. Moreover, this baby-girl's voice, her personality, impose themselves on a vast audience in a great theatre, and it is obvious that, though

only in her first decade, the individuality of Elise Craven is already as complete as it will be twenty years hence. In 1920, with luck, this extraordinary child will be playing the great parts in tragic drama. For the budding actress is here, and only awaits conscientious training in her art to reach the highest flights. I would like to see her here and now, garbed in the blue - and - green robes immortalised by Sargent, try her hand at Lady Macbeth. For this exquisite little person illustrates a favourite theory, that in her first ten years a woman's character is formed. There are old people alive who remember Ellen Terry's debut as Mamilus and as Puck, but that princess of charm and trickiness was, at ten years old, pre-

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A DANCE FROCK IN BLUSH-PINK CHIFFON OVER SOFT SATIN.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

cisely the same as she is to-day. There was no arrogance, no commanding power, no intimidating stateliness about the minute Terry as there is about the diminutive Craven. The time is at hand when we shall require something more ennobling, more stimulating, than the neurotic and hysterical heroines of the drama of to-day. In ten years' time we may be enjoying a renaissance of the great tragic drama.

The Awkward Age of Man.

If Mrs. Crackanthorpe's amusing booklet, "Lady Chesterfield's Letters to her Daughter" has occasionally a whiff from the Ark (for it treats of such forgotten functions as day-time Drawing-Rooms and "train-teas"), there are, nevertheless, some shrewd and piquant observations on the ways of modern Society. Diana, Lady Chesterfield, is especially averse from her youthful daughter marrying a man twice her age, and she roundly accuses the Society butterfly, Fakir Fazakerley (who, numbering no more than two-score years, probably thinks himself, socially, still a boy), of being "an elderly lightweight" and a "man between the ages." In short, this acute observer finds the *quarantaine* the awkward age of man, and declares that the individual of forty, though possibly delightful as a friend, "rarely makes a successful husband to anyone, and never to a young girl." If he has kept his looks, he is apt to be "wholly absorbed in preserving his remnant of youthfulness"; if, on the contrary, he no longer finds favour in feminine eyes, he will inevitably prevent his young wife from enjoying herself, under the specious pretext of "taking care of her." An old man, if he possesses wealth, position, and good-nature, is recommended to sweet seventeen as a far preferable *parti*; yet the ideal husband for the young girl is assuredly the boy of five-and-twenty.

A Countess on Cooking.

When a very great lady (doubled by a very great beauty) sets out to write a cookery book, the world must needs await impatiently the expected tome. And let no one suppose that the advice of Georgiana, Countess of Dudley, the most lovely person of her generation, is based on anything but the soundest common-sense. "All sensible and good-natured people," she declares, "are fond of their dinner." Indeed, the lady looks askance at people—especially men—who do not know what they are eating, and who pay no tribute to the niceties of the cuisine. It is evident that she thinks them but a feeble folk, and, in spite of Mr. Bernard Shaw and his plays, "does not hold," as old nurses say, with vegetarians. And must it be confessed that this Queen of Beauty—who has surely agitated a thousand hearts—firmly believes that the way to a man's affections is by means of a varying series of succulent dishes? "A man's heart," declares Lady Dudley, "may be won in a number of ways, but there is only one certain recipe for keeping it—a succession of good dinners." And pray, why not? Among other things, we are certainly carnivorous animals; and young persons of transcendent loveliness who are about to embark on a matrimonial career would do well to ponder over these words of experience.

Oxygen for All.

There is no doubt that the new stimulant—which has no toxic effects—is gaining in popularity, and that oxygen spurs on to renewed efforts at least one Cabinet Minister, a cross-Channel swimmer, a popular female author, several Varsity athletes, and more than one tireless "votary of pleasure" in the shape of female scions of the aristocracy. Those who have never had an overdose of oxygen administered to them inadvertently do not know what a wild and whirling experience may be theirs for the asking. It is—and I speak from personal knowledge—something between what one imagines an aerial flight to be, combined with a tap on the chest from a champion pugilist. The beginner, however, must be warned against taking a breath too much of oxygen from the bag, for, plus a certain amount, it is not a stimulant at all. In moderate doses it will enable the chaperon to face the arid, waiting hours, and hearten our legislators during the interminable wearinesses of debate.



[Copyright.]

A SUPPLE-CLOTH AFTERNOON DRESS IN PALE TAN.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

LONDON has been very full. Some good people who came up for the opening of Parliament have left, others have taken their places for the Courts. Once again there has been great excitement about the commands to attend, which were received towards the eleventh hour so far as busy modistes were concerned.

There is not so much anxiety about complexions as there used to be when Drawing-Rooms were held in broad, uncompromising daylight. The skins of the women of to-day could bear it were it so. This is attributable to the care bestowed upon them and to the use of such preparations as can be obtained from the Cyclax Company, 58, South Molton Street. These are real remedies, based on the twenty years' experience of one of the most successful skin specialists in the world. The Cyclax skin food, hand bleach, Salusta cream, and special lotions are found on the toilet-table of all the fairest women of the day, who are not at all above giving credit where credit is due—namely, to the Cyclax preparations.

A delightful greaseless toilet-cream is "Icilma Fluor." It is a natural water from a spring at Port-aux-Poules, in Algeria. The cream helps nature, and is dainty and delicate. A sample of it will be sent on application to the Icilma Company, 14A, Rosebery Avenue, E.C., with three penny stamps, also three coloured post-cards on which are views of the Icilma spring. It is quite a novelty, the conveyance of a natural remedial and protective water to the skin in this way.

On "Woman's Ways" page a drawing will be found of a supple-cloth afternoon dress in a shade of palest tan. The trimming is all of finest braiding. On the same page is a sketch of a dance-frock in blush-pink chiffon over softest satin the same shade. It is trimmed with chains of rosebuds, and there is an ivory-hued lace waist-band and panel down the back.

One is thankful to hear of a new and effectual protector against the unseen germ foe which attacks us when we least expect it, living in the crowded cities. Care of the skin is much in the armour of defence against the invisible but deadly army of germs ever ready to assail us. Care of the mouth is more, since that is the easiest method of entrance to the vital parts of our bodies' citadel. A substance recently produced through scientific knowledge, called Formamint Wulfin, is capable of acting as a highly efficient mouth-disinfectant. It is in the form of a tablet, which when dissolved in the mouth accomplishes its disease-preventing work.

Captain and Lady Juliet Duff, who are off to Mexico on a little tour, are among the tallest couples in Society. Captain Robin Duff, of the 2nd Life Guards, is wealthy with the wealth of slate quarries, and those learned in pedigrees trace him to the same stock as the Duke of Fife. Lady Juliet is, of course, the daughter of Lady de Grey by her first marriage with the late Lord Lonsdale. She is very handsome, and bears her exceptional stature with charming gracefulness. Her wedding was honoured by the presence of the King and Queen, who gave her a most beautiful turquoise-and-diamond brooch.

Mrs. Frank Bellville, who is so well known and popular among that section of Society who are votaries of sport, has a great appreciation of artistic beauty. It is some four years since she had the delight of becoming châtelaine of Papillon Hall, a lovely old sixteenth-century house, which that clever architect, Mr. Lutyens, the husband of Lady Emily Lutyens, had restored for her and Mr. Bellville.

Among younger Tory hostesses special interest attaches to the young wife of the member for Norwood. The daughter-in-law of the erratic, brilliant politician known to friend and foe alike as "Tommy" Bowles, was born in the political purple, for her father, the late John Penn, was for long the respected member for Lewisham. The marriage was one of the prettiest functions of 1902, and Mrs. Bowles at once threw herself with enthusiasm into the task of nursing the constituency which is now represented by her husband. She is a clever, because a convinced, canvasser, and is very popular among the voters.

Lady Leucha Warner, who last week (16th) had an unpleasant adventure with a lunatic—he apparently formed the original design of committing suicide by throwing himself under her motor-car—is a daughter of the late Lord Montalt. The Maudes are famed for their cleverness as well as their good looks, and these traits are both exemplified in Lady Leucha, who, as wife of the M.P. for Lichfield, has had to play a considerable rôle in local politics. Though she celebrated her silver wedding last year, Lady Leucha has remained very young-looking, and she is one of the best-dressed women in Society. She has wonderful jewels, her turquoises being specially famous.

The younger politicians of the hour are fortunate in their wives, and owe them not a little of their success at the polls. A case in point is that of the Member for the Bromfield Division of Denbighshire, whose very pretty wife had her full share in "bringing him in." As a bachelor, Mr. Hemmerde was unsuccessful in wooing the electors of Winchester, but after his marriage to Miss Colley his Parliamentary ambitions were fulfilled.

One of the prettiest of those twentieth-century children born in the aristocratic purple is Lady Katharine Phipps, Lord and Lady Normanby's little girl. Should she not have a brother, she will be a great heiress, and, young as she is, her parents devote much thought and care to her training, for they are among those members of the great world who live up to the fine motto *Noblesse oblige*.

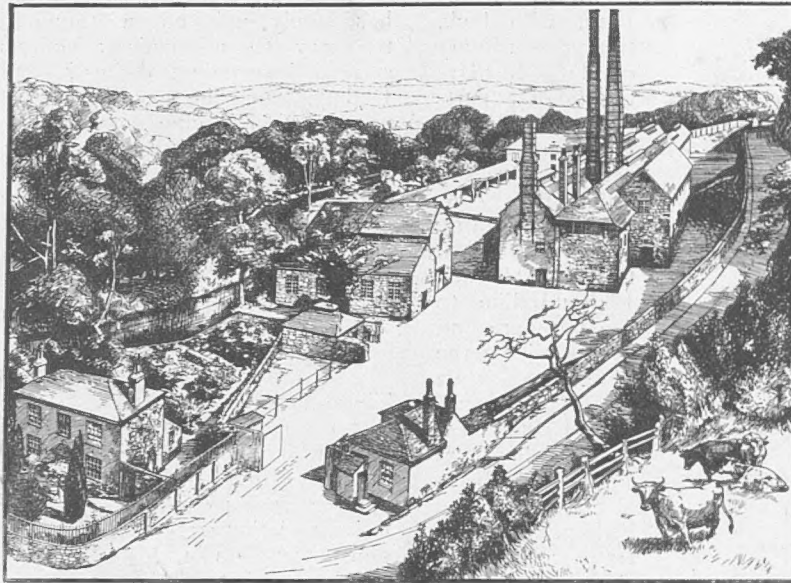
Another pretty child born with a gold spoon in her mouth is the four-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Guinness. If she inherits her pretty, fair mother's gifts, she will be a clever amateur actress and a good musician.

At all great political gatherings the striking personality of Mrs. Annan Bryce adds a note of distinction and brilliancy. This clever lady has all the wit and instinctive taste in dress which belongs to the daughters of Erin, for she was a l'Estrange, a name well known in the romantic annals of Ireland. Mrs. Annan Bryce is interested in many other things besides politics, and mixes much in the literary and artistic worlds.

St. Margaret's, Westminster, was the scene of a very smart wedding last Wednesday (17th). Miss Sylvia Huntington, the sister of the popular baronet of that ilk, was the bride, and Mr. Staples Browne, son of a great Oxfordshire squire, the bridegroom. The bridesmaids formed a symphony in sweet-pea pink, and Miss Huntington's beautiful train was borne by two little pages garbed in white silk.

The world knows very little of its great men's wives. So might well be paraphrased a famous saying. This has not always been true of noted statesmen's better halves, but it is a fact that of the younger men sitting in Parliament the public hardly know if they are married or single. Mrs. F. E. Smith deserves to be known for herself, and that quite apart from the personality of her brilliant husband. Like most of the good things appertaining to Mr. F. E. Smith's early life, she comes from Oxford, where her father, the late Rev. H. Furneaux, of Corpus, was a noted scholar and editor of Tacitus.

The new Patent Act, which came into force about six months ago, provides that an article patented and sold in this country must also be made here, and this naturally caused a good deal of emulation among foreign manufacturers of patent goods as to who should be the first to set up a factory on British soil. The distinction is due to the proprietors of Sanatogen, the famous nerve-tonic food and revitalising agent. Within a few months they had selected a site, between Penzance and Land's End, built the various premises, and fitted them with the latest machinery. In the preparation of Sanatogen, an essential ingredient is pure milk, and the choice of a site in Cornwall for the factory should guarantee the excellence of the milk used. The pastures of the Cornish Riviera are famous for their fertility, for the excellence and health of the cattle, and the consequent purity and high dietetic value of the milk-supply. The conditions, climatic and hygienic, under which the manufacture is carried out have elicited the warmest approval of the scientific experts who have inspected the factory, in which the most is made of the advantages of the sunshine and the pure air for which Cornwall is becoming every day better known.



THE FIRST FACTORY ESTABLISHED UNDER THE NEW PATENT LAWS:
THE SANATOGEN WORKS, NEAR PENZANCE.

The new Patent Laws, which came into force about six months ago, enact that all persons selling articles patented in this country must make them here, and caused something like a race among foreign manufacturers as to who should be first in the field. The Sanatogen Company came in first, for within a few months they had selected a site, built their premises, and fitted them with modern machinery.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on March 10.

CANADIAN RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION.

THE Grand Trunk Railway of Canada and the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway of Argentina enjoy reputations which are very similar from the standpoint of capital requirements. There seems to be no end to the appetite for money in the case of both Companies. In defence, the apologists—especially of the Grand Trunk—urge that railways, extensions, and branches cannot possibly be built without money, that the capital is being employed for purposes which will become remunerative in a very short time, and that the work is being done in as economical a manner as possible. “Look at the Canadian Pacific,” cry the supporters of the Grand Trunk policy; “nobody blames the Canadian Pacific Railway for issuing more shares when additional money is wanted, though criticism may quarrel with the mode in which the new capital is raised.” The local papers from Canada contain contradictory estimates of the future of the Trunk Pacific road, but for several half-years to come the Grand Trunk will find it no easy matter to scrape up a dividend on the Third Preference after making provision for all the obligations it has shouldered of recent years.

ONCE MORE THE BALKANS.

With the end of the winter drawing near, the temper of the Near East grows more restless, more impulsive, and the possibility of an outbreak between the nations is recognised by more disinterested judges than the bears. The mood in which the Stock Exchange receives the different items of news (real or manufactured) varies considerably, and is swayed a good deal by the financial position in the House at the time the various items happen to be circulated. When there is any buying going on, the private cables are discreetly ignored, but if markets chance to be dull they are magnified far beyond their importance.

IN THE JUNGLE.

That there is business coming to the West African Market is the expressed opinion of a good many Stock Exchange men, of whom some have hitherto been severely sceptical with regard to the boomlet in the Jungle. To a small extent the public have “come in,” as the saying goes. Then came the interposition of several big Kafir houses, putting up capital and giving the market a new source of support. Cessation of the buying, however, led to a rapid decline in prices. Then a bull account began to put forth its head, and the buyers only await another spurt to ride out of their commitments. The gambling, non-dividend West Africans may be good to buy as a speculation, but they are nothing better yet.

SOME RUBBER COMPANIES.

As promised, I append particulars of two of the most successful of the large Rubber-producing Companies—

(1) The *Bukit Rajah* Rubber Company is in an exceptionally strong financial position, owing to its having sold a portion of its land in 1907 to the North Hummock Company for £28,165 cash. This sum will enable it to provide for the upkeep of the large acreage not yet in bearing, without increase of capital or diminution of dividends. The capital of the Company is £70,000, of which 66,700 shares of £1 each have been issued. The total area of the estate is 5981 acres, of which 2368 are planted with rubber and 400 with cocoanuts and coffee. The number of trees planted is approximately 300,000, of which 89,000 were tapped in 1907, and about 30,000 more will come into tapping each year. The production of rubber and the profits for the last three years have been—

		Net Profit.	Dividend.
1905-6 ..	33,203 lb. ..	£5,163 ..	6 per cent.
1906-7 ..	118,982 lb. ..	£21,134 ..	30 ..
1907-8 ..	163,521 lb. ..	£20,818 ..	30 ..

For the current year, which ends March 31, the estimated production of rubber was 181,500 lb.; but this total will be exceeded, as the production for the ten months ended Jan. 30 has been 157,044 lb., and the production at present averages about 21,000 lb. per month. The profit should be much larger than last year, owing to the higher price of rubber. An interim dividend of 12 per cent. has been paid, and the dividend for the year is likely to be over 40 per cent. There will be a large increase in production in the next few years, and the output for the year ending March 31, 1910, is expected to be about 300,000 lb., and for the following year 400,000 lb. When the whole acreage so far planted is in bearing, a conservative estimate places the dividend at 50 per cent., if *rubber should fall to 2s. 6d. per lb.* At their present price, this Company's shares constitute undoubtedly one of the soundest investments in the Rubber share list.

(2) The *Anglo-Malay* Rubber Company is already producing an enormous quantity of rubber, and within three years the production is expected to be well over 1,000,000 lb. per annum. The output and dividends have been as follows—

		Dividend
1906 ..	91,703 lb. ..	18 per cent.
1907 ..	224,778 lb. ..	20 ..
1908 ..	350,686 lb.

On account of 1908 an interim dividend of 10 per cent. has been paid, and a final dividend of at least 20 per cent. may be expected in April. The capital of the Company is £150,000 in £1 shares, all issued, but 103,500 are at present only 17s. 6d. paid. The acreage under Rubber amounts to 3432 acres, and the number of trees planted is about 560,000. The output for 1907 was obtained from tapping only 68,236 trees, which will give some idea of what this Company's production will amount to when all the trees are in bearing. The rubber collected in January of this year was 32,199 lb., and the production for the year is unofficially expected to reach a total of 465,000 lb.

As some people appear to entertain somewhat exaggerated fears as to the possible over-production of plantation rubber, it may be as well to point out that the world's consumption of rubber, which is increasing, is at present about 70,000 tons per annum. The output of *plantation* rubber for the last three years has been—

1906	510 tons.
1907	1010 ..
1908	1800 ..

In five or six years' time it is possible that the production of plantation rubber may amount to 35,000 tons per annum, and if there should be no increase in consumption, wild rubber will be displaced by cultivated to that extent; but there are no

data for estimating what the demand might be if rubber were to fall to 2s. 6d. per lb., for the price has only once been as low as 2s. 9d. in the last fourteen years.—Q.

SOME REPORTS.

The Report of the Chartered Company, which came on the market rather unexpectedly, is not a very inspiring document; what the Stock Exchange thought of it was shown by the marking down of the shares sixpence upon its issue. For the year ending March 31, 1908, there is a balance of expenditure over revenue of £152,889, to which must be added the £280,000 necessary for the same period to meet the Railway guarantees, or a total of £432,889 to the bad for the year; nor does the progress made appear excessive, when the best that can be said is that the white population was in thirteen months increased by under 1000 souls! The balance-sheet is itself a most doleful production, as the items on the credit side testify, if we look at them for an instant. The total is over 12½ millions, of which the only solid realisable items are cash £4,443, and, perhaps, loans against securities, £100,000. Fancy Matibele War Expenditure figuring as an *asset* for £119,954, Rhodesia Defence Expenditure for £2,587,401, and amounts owing by sundry railway and other companies for £1,172,923, of which £593,000 is due from the Rhodesia Railways, Ltd., and £240,000 from the Mashonaland Railway Company, neither of which earns half its debenture interest! The most optimistic bankrupt who ever prepared a statement of affairs to cheer the hearts of his creditors would not have the audacity to put down such items among his assets.

MAPLE AND CO., LIMITED.—The report of this great industrial concern is in striking contrast to the melancholy document with which we have just dealt. After paying Preference dividends and Debenture interest, the profits are enough to allow of a distribution of 12 per cent. for the year 1908, and a carry-forward of over £6000, while there is no asset in the balance-sheet which is not tangible and probably realisable. The shareholders can hardly help being satisfied with the result of the year's trading.

SPENCER TURNER AND BOLDERO, LIMITED.—Space prevents our doing justice to this Company's report and balance-sheet, but for the year a profit of £19,120 has been made on a share-capital of £450,000, and again the assets side of the balance-sheet is singularly free from “soft” items. Each class of share gets 5 per cent. for the year, after making proper allowances for depreciation.

Saturday, Feb. 20, 1909.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month. Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

LIBER.—The Loan is, of course, a very speculative holding, but not bad, if you will take risks.

WRIGHT.—We suggest (1) Japanese 4 per cent. Bonds; (2) Cuba Gold Bonds; (3) City of Mexico 5 per cent. Bonds. You cannot get absolute safety with 4½ per cent., especially when you exclude Industrial securities.

P. A. F.—The Harbour Bonds are quite first-class.

C. E. S. C.—We are obliged by your letter. Our information as to the American Railway Bonds is merely the opinion of the largest jobbers in that market, and who dislike your security very much. It is impossible to continue the correspondence on the other matter.

EXCHANGE.—It is not likely you will find an inside broker who will deal on the marginal system, but any member of the Stock Exchange will buy call-options for you. He may want the option money at the time of buying, but if you are properly introduced, not even that.

A. H. I.—Your letter was answered on the 18th.

V. S.—On no account sell the Tea shares. We have made careful inquiries, and hear that the estate is first-rate, and the drop solely caused by a big block of shares from Ceylon being flung on a market bare of buyers. The jobbers connected with this class of shares say yours are first-class, and on no account should you part with them.

COMMOIL.—We have no information later than that given at the meeting. “Q” informs us that the statements made there by Mr. Chamberlain exactly represent his views. The price is ½ to 1½.

COUNTRYMAN.—The Income bonds are a good speculative purchase, but, in the present state of Canada, certainly speculative. We would rather hold the Ordinary stock of a first-class Argentine Railway, but it is a matter of opinion.

STUBLEY.—Since 1906 the Company has paid two dividends of sixpence a share each.

JACK.—(1) Not bad, but they have risen since we recommended them. (2) Yes. (3) Good enough. (4, 5, and 6) No.

SPECRAS.—Probably some deferred paper may be offered you. It will be of no value. You are entitled to prove for your margin and for damages for failure to deliver you the shares if you call on the liquidator to carry out the bargain.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

Good sport should be seen at Warwick, Newbury, and Haydock Park this week. At the former place on the first day Tussle may win the Stewards' Steeplechase, Persinus the Budbrooke Hurdle Race, Barbed Head the Warwick Steeplechase, and Click Clack the County Hurdle Race. On the second day Bruges may win the Wellesbourne Hurdle Race, Maritzburg the Watrgall Hurdle Race, Time Test the Barlord Steeplechase, and Ross the Leamington Steeplechase. At Newbury on Friday Zancig may win the Theale Hurdle Race, N.B. the Heddington Steeplechase, Black Plum the Whatcome Hurdle Race, and Holy War the Spring Hurdle Race. On the second day Round Dance may win the Newbury Steeplechase, Sweet Cecil the Andover Steeplechase, and Norman the Fiddler the Coventry Steeplechase. At Haydock Park the following may win on Friday: Club Hurdle, Ben-a-Beg; Flixton Steeplechase, Moynalty; St. Helen's Steeplechase, Sultry; February Hurdle, Master Magpie. On Saturday: Earlstown Hurdle, Sovereign; Great Central Steeplechase, Wingfield; Grand National Trial Steeplechase, Rustic Queen; Four Years' Hurdle, Independence.

CONCERNING NEW BOOKS.

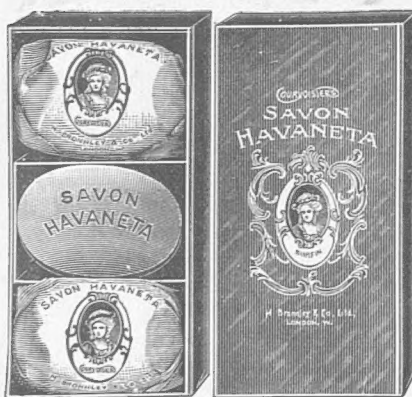
"The Story of Virginia Perfect." By Peggy Webling. (Methuen.)—"Patricia Baring." By Winifred James. (Constable.)—"Among the Wild Tribes of the Afghan Frontier." By Dr. T. L. Pennell. (Seeley.)

WE shall never know, until we get to the other side, why some people possess the radiance of charm, and other people lack it. It is a truism to say it is not beauty, and yet there is a tincture of beauty in every charming woman, though it may only be the beauty of health and a clean skin. It is not sheer unselfishness, for we all know plenty of good, selfless souls who, alas! attract nobody. Perhaps vitality is the biggest part of the secret—and, even so, a secret it remains. Whatever it is, Virginia Perfect had it in ample measure, and "The Story of Virginia Perfect" contrives to conjure her alive to our eyes. We closed the book exclaiming that it was altogether delightful; but it may be that it was only Virginia weaving her innocent spell, and that her story is really quite tame. Critics ought to be able to discern these differences; but then critics (unluckily for them) do not often discover a Virginia. Wilfred Keble, who was an artist and a child of the people, met her at Southend, and perceived her to be beautiful, and guessed her to be an exceptional shop-girl. She was the daughter of a connoisseur, who was, at the same time, an unsuccessful tradesman, and she was, at the Southend encounter, the week-old bride of a Clerkenwell jeweller. There were dark days ahead for Virginia, so generous with her love to her unworthy husband, so tender to her children, and careful of her slender purse; but there was sunshine after them, and it is in the sunshine that we are bidden take leave of her. Miss Webling must be very heartily congratulated on this novel. It dabbles in no melodrama; its interest throughout is limited to the humble lives of working people; and it is a very simple story, exquisitely told.

Patricia Baring, as readers of Miss Winifred James will be prepared to hear, was an Australian. She tells her own story, which introduces an improbable note, for even a clever child does not set herself down minutely at nine years old. However, Patricia's diary is the book, and she grows up in the course of it, and the later chapters are sufficiently convincing. Australian girls, we believe, mature earlier than their English

sisters, and their lighter climate is already producing a vivacious modification of the original stock. It is fairly safe to prophesy that the Australian woman will rival the American in her royalty, for she, too, is born free and superior, and bent on having the best of good times. She has an adequate measure of good looks and a *flair* for fine frocks, two things that will carry any female as far as she pleases to go. Anyone who wishes to know something of the manner of her life should read "Patricia Baring," and learn how it resembles and where it differs from our island way. Patricia was exceptional in being dashed with genius and cursed with the artistic temperament; but she had the salient Australian characteristics strong in her. Hers is an emotional story, which beats with the pulsation of her ardent young heart. It is engrossing reading, and it calls for a sequel. We want to know how Patricia took to middle age. Will Miss James please tell us?

Many books of travel are written by people who rush through a country on a holiday or a hunting expedition, and their impressions, though often interesting, are of necessity superficial. This is not the case, however, with Dr. T. L. Pennell's book "Among the Wild Tribes of the Afghan Frontier" (see Illustrations on "Literary Lounger" page) which has been written "after sixteen years of close contact with the Afghans and Pathans of our North-West frontier in India." Dr. Pennell is a medical missionary, and his opportunities of studying the people among whom he has lived have therefore been exceptional. He still further increased his intimacy with the Afghan tribesmen by wearing native dress, which enabled him to bridge over the social and mental gulf that yawns in India between a native and a European. He was also able, through often being mistaken for a native, to understand their feeling in this matter. "If we English," he says, "realised how much pain we often cause our Indian brethren, not so much by what we say or do, as by the way we say or do it, and the way we act towards them, a great cause of racial misunderstanding and ill-feeling would be removed." It is impossible in a short space even to outline the contents of this most fascinating and valuable book, the worth of which is attested by some prefatory words of warm appreciation from Lord Roberts. Some of the most interesting chapters are those dealing with school work, and Afghan cricket and football teams. The illustrations are numerous and good. The proceeds of the sales are to go to the building of a hospital and medical mission work at Thal.



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